

The Cardinal Archbishop.

WE have lost our second Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. It was clear as the years ran on, that the time could not be far off when in the course of nature the venerable and stately personage who with such dignity has presided for more than a quarter of a century over the interests of our rising Church, would be taken from us. When we heard that a severe disease had its hold upon him, it was impossible not to foresee that the end had come, for great rallying power or resistance to the inroads of such enemies as bronchitis and congestion of the lungs was not to be expected in the midst of the eighty-fourth year of an active and laborious life. We hoped against hope, for we can ill spare that clear head, that sound judgment, that strong will, that generous heart, that ascetical life, that wide experience of affairs, that habit of influencing others for good—but hope was in vain, and he is gone. We are in God's hands, and He who has provided for us so grandly since our Hierarchy was established, will not now in the hour of our need fail the Church that He is raising up for His glory and the salvation of souls in poor desolate England.

Poor desolate England! If by God's blessing she be less poor and desolate than she was, it is due to the men whom God has raised up to conquer prejudices and to present the Catholic religion to view as something widely different from the travesty of her lineaments, handed down by popular tradition. The work of the Holy Ghost has been drawing towards the Church those who were and are outside her pale, and our English Catholics were too few, too little organized, perhaps a little too insular, to be ready to receive them. For the conversion of England both movements were wanted, as in the formation of a water-spout, the sea rises to meet the clouds and the clouds descending meet the sea. Three men amongst others, and far more than any others, have contributed as well to foster the work of God in those without, as to make

us more ready to receive those whom God draws towards us; and it speaks much for the insight of the Apostolic See to say that these three Englishmen were Cardinals of the Holy Roman Church. Nicholas Cardinal Wiseman was the man given us by God's providence for his time; his successor, Henry Edward Cardinal Manning, whom we have just lost, was the providential man of the time that followed; and John Henry Cardinal Newman was, not by powers of government but by his immortal writings, the man sent by God for our generation and for all time. It is twenty-seven years within a month since Cardinal Wiseman died; and we lost Cardinal Newman a year and a half ago. Cardinal Manning has followed them, and we pause breathless to see how God's work is now to be carried on, what form it will take, who is to be His chief instrument, in the new era to which these great men have brought us, and in the work they have bequeathed to us. *Qui cæpit in nobis opus bonum, perficiet usque in diem Christi Jesu: modicum passos Ipse perficiet confirmabit, solidabitque.* Our hope is in the Name of the Lord, whose gifts know no repentance.

It has been my singular good fortune to have been thrown, owing to the official position conferred upon me by them, into close personal relations with two of these great Cardinals. When Cardinal Wiseman died, it was my privilege to lift the veil a little, and, by publishing an account of his last illness, open to some slight extent to the outer world the interior of his noble soul. I have no such mission now. A quarter of a century has passed since I lived with Cardinal Manning, but I have received from him at all times unvarying kindness and affection, so that I could not possibly refuse when asked to put on paper my remembrances of my old master. I make no pretence of writing anything complete. It is too soon to attempt a sketch of his character or a full review of his work. I permit myself to write my recollections, and I am glad to be able to express my affectionate regard.

The late Cardinal was born at Totteridge in Hertfordshire. One day I asked him whether there was not a great excrescence resembling a bear on one of the elms in his father's garden. "Yes, that there was," he answered eagerly, "and we used to call it 'the bear tree.' How did you know that?" "We called it so too," I told him. "I have played in that garden many a time when I was a boy. The place belonged to the Halls, who were connections of mine, and they would invite me, now

and then, to spend a week of my holidays with them." "The Halls had it after us," he said.

When at Harrow he was a great cricketer, and he has told me stories of his prowess in the game which I have forgotten. A Harrow story of another kind has remained in my memory. The bounds for the boys at Harrow extended a mile every way from the school-house. As might be imagined, they were easily transgressed. One day Manning was on the London Road considerably more than a mile from the school, when he caught sight of a master on horseback, riding towards him. The boy immediately took to the fields, and the master, dismounting at a gate and throwing the rein over it, gave chase on foot. Manning was light of foot and easily kept ahead, so making a circuit he was the first to come to the gate, and unhooking the rein, he mounted the horse and rode up into Harrow, leaving the master to follow on foot at his leisure.

Of his Oxford life I do not remember anything that is not public property already. Of his duties as an Archdeacon of unusually wide influence, we are safe in saying that they were somewhat more than Sydney Smith's famous "fulfilment of archidiaconal functions." At all events he there learned how to preside over meetings of men with strong and perhaps discordant views of their own; and his natural aptitude for government, after such opportunities for training himself in the management of others, made him the most perfect chairman of a public meeting. When a knot occurred he was ready with the suggestion that loosed it; and when his turn came to sum up at the end of a discussion, he was found to have selected all that was good in the speeches of those who had gone before him, and to have assimilated it all so well, that each one found his suggestion improved, and all heard the best things worked up together, and presented in the most taking form.

Archdeacon Manning's last appearance in the Church of England was at a meeting, summoned by himself at their request, of the clergy of his archdeaconry. Its object was to protest against Papal Aggression at the time of the Hierarchy. He had presided over a meeting of the same clergy on a previous occasion, and they had then followed his lead. This was on the Gorham case, and they had joined him in a protest against the action of the Crown, which, by the Gorham judgment, had committed the Church of England to regard

Baptismal Regeneration as an open question. "It did not hurt them to protest," he said, "and so they did it."

But the Papal Aggression was a very different thing. The clergy were united against the Pope and vehement in their feelings, and when the Archdeacon received their request that he would summon them that they might address the Crown on the subject of the Catholic Hierarchy, he knew what was coming. He called the meeting together, for that he considered himself officially bound to do; and in like manner he was prepared to preside over them and put their resolutions to the vote. But he resolved on his own course, and that meeting made him look into his mind and act in accordance with the convictions that at length he had reached. He went into Chichester from Lavington earlier than the time named for the meeting, in order that he might call on the Bishop, of whose fairness and sense of justice he spoke in the highest terms. "I have come to speak to you, my lord," he said to Dr. Gilbert, "before I go to the meeting I have summoned of the clergy of my archdeaconry. They are now assembling in the library, and before I preside over them, I desire to tell your lordship that I entirely differ from all that they are about to say. They are about to assert their belief in the spiritual authority of the Crown, and that I reject. They are going to protest against the Supremacy of the Pope, and that I believe." The good Bishop begged him to say nothing of the sort to the meeting, and that the Archdeacon promised; but he added, "My lord, I act as their chairman officially to-day for the last time. I must now resign my archdeaconry into your lordship's hands." "No, no," said the Bishop, "I cannot accept your resignation. Take time to consider: do not be precipitate." "I have not been precipitate, my lord, and that I will not be. I thank you for your great and unvarying kindness to me, and I will renew my resignation in a more formal manner."

At the clergy meeting he told them that this was the first time that he was unable to sympathize with them, and he hoped that they would understand that in putting their resolutions from the chair, he was not himself in agreement with them. They understood him, of course; and he said that nothing could have been kinder than the way in which he was personally spoken of by all of them but one.

Archdeacon Manning had been present at a very important meeting respecting the Gorham case, which was held in Mr.

Gladstone's dining-room in Carlton House Terrace.¹ A form of protest had been drawn up against the famous judgment of the Privy Council. It had been delayed, he said, by Pusey and Keble, who had been hard to satisfy as to its terms; but at last the protest had been agreed upon, and this meeting was for the purpose of signing it. Clergymen and laymen of eminence were assembled there, and the first called upon to affix his signature, when the form of the protest had been read, was Archdeacon Manning. He went to the table and signed it, and in this he was followed by the rest of the clergy who were present.

Mr. Gladstone was standing with his back to the fire, and was the first of the laymen in the room who was asked to sign. He refused to do so. The Cardinal in relating this incident said: "I was afraid lest if they pressed him, they would awaken his Scotch obstinacy, and so I at once took him aside and asked him why he refused. His answer was by the question: 'Do you think that I can do so, consistently with my oath as a Privy Councillor?' I at once turned to the others and said, 'Mr. Gladstone has told me the reason why he does not wish to sign. It affects no one but himself, and I beg you to pass on to the next name.'" The time has come when this ought to be told, in some degree for Mr. Gladstone's sake. For it has been said that he was one of those who signed the protest against the Gorham case, which declared that the Church of England would become responsible for the rejection of an article of the Christian faith, if the Privy Council judgment were not repudiated but tacitly accepted. That Mr. Gladstone disapproved of the judgment is certain; but the protest that he signed was of a very different character, and simply said that the Judicial Committee was an unfit court to decide questions of doctrine. About ten became Catholics of the sixty-three that signed this gentler protest, and six out of the thirteen who signed the stronger one, of which the Cardinal was speaking.² Mr. Gladstone is sometimes said to have drawn near to the Catholic Church, and then to have fallen

¹ In the *Life of James Robert Hope-Scott*, by Robert Ormsby (vol. ii. p. 79), it is said that this meeting was held in Mr. Hope's house in Curzon Street. I have not thought it necessary to inquire whether in this detail the Cardinal's memory misled him.

² The declaration against the Gorham case, after being widely circulated, obtained some 1,800 signatures, lay and clerical together, whereas a declaration in its favour was signed by 3,262 of the Anglican clergy, and this one met with the full concurrence of the Archbishops of Canterbury and York.

back again. Such was in no way Cardinal Manning's view. He did not think that Mr. Gladstone had ever been nearer to the Church in his convictions than he is now, and nothing was more certain to him than the perfect sincerity and complete good faith of his friend of many years, even in the hardest things said by him at one time against the Catholic religion.

This quiet state of Mr. Gladstone's conscience is illustrated by a story that the Cardinal told me of the moment when his own mind was made up to submit to the Church. Mr. Manning had left his archdeaconry and had come to London, where as the guest of his sister in South Audley Street he spent much time in deliberation and prayer before becoming a Catholic. It is one thing to lose faith in the Church of England; it is another thing, against the prejudices of a life, to arrive at the belief that the Roman Catholic Church, of which the Pope is the visible Head, is the one true Church of Christ upon earth. He had looked on Anglicanism as "a portion of the Church," which by a particular act was forfeiting its office and authority; but before he could become a Catholic, it was necessary to be convinced that there is no true portion of the visible Church of God out of communion with the Vicar of Christ. This belief was slowly maturing in his mind and heart. One Sunday Mr. Manning and Mr. Gladstone were out walking together, and they dropped into a proprietary chapel in Palace Street, close to the Buckingham Palace stables. The preacher was the Reverend Thomas Harper, who afterwards as a Jesuit Father wrote a reply to Pusey's *Eirenicon* and also an elaborate work called *The Metaphysics of the Schools*. His sermon ended with a series of the solemn texts in which our Lord bids men leave all things to follow Him. "He that loveth father or mother more than Me, is not worthy of Me." "Unless a man renounce all that he possesses, he cannot be My disciple." "If any man would come after Me, let him take up his cross daily and follow Me."—"Does all that say anything to you?" This was the question that Mr. Manning put to Mr. Gladstone when they had left the chapel. "No, I cannot say it does," was Mr. Gladstone's answer. "Well, then, it does to me," said Mr. Manning, "and I am going to act upon it at once."

And he did act upon it. Father James Brownbill, S.J., received him into the Church on Passion Sunday, April 6, 1851, in the Hill Street residence then attached to the Farm Street Church.

It will be easy to assign the dates of the events that have been mentioned from the letters printed in the Life of his friend Mr. James Hope-Scott, then famous as James Hope, Q.C. The Gorham judgment was delivered on March 8, 1850. On the 12th of that month the meeting already spoken of was held, in which the statement was signed "that any portion of the Church which does so abandon the essential meaning of an article of the Creed, forfeits not only the Catholic doctrine in that article, but also the office and authority to witness and teach as a member of the Universal Church." On the 23rd of November Mr. Manning wrote to Mr. Hope a letter giving in a few words what has been said above respecting the resignation of his archdeaconry. "Events have driven me to a decision. This anti-Popery cry has seized my brethren, and they asked me to be convened. I must either resign at once, or convene them ministerially and express my dissent, the reasons of which would involve my resignation. I went to the Bishop and said this, and tendered my resignation. He was very kind, and wished me to take time, but I have written and made it final." He added a request to Mr. Hope that showed the intimate sympathy that existed between them. "I should be glad if we might keep together; and whatever must be done, do it with a calm and deliberateness which shall give testimony that it is not done in lightness." The two friends were received at the same time by Father Brownbill; and the next day Mr. Manning (who was then living at 14, Queen Street) wrote to Mr. Hope, "I feel as if I had no desire unfulfilled, but to persevere in what God has given me for His Son's sake." A year afterwards, writing from Rome, he said to the same friend: "How this time reminds me of last year! On Passion Sunday I shall be in retreat. *Stantes erant pedes nostri*, and we made no mistake in our long reckoning, though we feared it up to the last opening of Father B's door."¹

Before that twelvemonth had gone round, Mr. Manning had become a priest. Cardinal Wiseman knew how to prize the convert who at the mature age of forty-three had submitted himself so heartily to the Church. He knew the numbers who would be influenced by the converted Archdeacon, if he might devote himself with all the authority of the Church's priesthood to their conversion and their guidance, and he looked on him as one whose neophyte days might well be shortened. The forty

¹ *Life of James Robert Hope-Scott*, vol. ii. p. 85.

years that have elapsed since that ordination have proved the truth of that judgment.

The Jesuit Fathers were very willing to help forward the good work, and they placed a confessional in their church in Farm Street at his disposal, and there his friends and penitents had easy access to him. His life, however, was spent for some years half in Rome and half in London. He went to the *Accademia Ecclesiastica*, with in all probability in the first instance no intention of returning there when he should leave it for England. But a higher than he had different views, and Pope Pius IX. gently and affectionately insisted, time after time, when he went for a parting audience, on a promise that he would come back to the *Accademia* for yet another winter. The Pope had probably a purpose of his own in view, and it was to fit the Abate Manning for high office that the Pope thus cared to make him familiar with Rome, Roman ways, and the Italian language. I was in Rome at the time, and I remember hearing an expression that His Holiness had made use of respecting him. He called him a *testa quadra*—"a man whose head was square."

In 1854, the year of the Definition of the Immaculate Conception, Pius IX. bestowed on him the degree of Doctor by diploma. In 1856 Dr. Manning drew up the Rule for the Oblates of St. Charles in England, which was approved by the Pope, and in the following year the Congregation was founded, the mother-house being at St. Mary of the Angels, Bayswater. This henceforward became the founder's residence, and continued to be so until he was made Archbishop of Westminster.

Early in 1857 Father Whitty, now Assistant to the General of the Society at Fiesole, who had been made Provost of the Metropolitan Chapter at its foundation in 1852, was desirous of becoming a Jesuit, and I remember talking it over with him and asking him what Cardinal Wiseman would think of his resigning his provostship. His answer was that he thought there was some one to whom the Cardinal would be glad to give it. That "some one" was Dr. Manning, and he succeeded Dr. Whitty accordingly.

Not long afterwards the new Provost was made by the Pope a Protonotary Apostolic, that is to say, "a full Prelate" with Episcopal rank, and the title of Right Reverend. There were but few "full prelates" in England at that time, and on Mgr. Manning's appointment as Archbishop he received a

very characteristic letter from Bishop Ullathorne, saying that one reason why he was glad that he was the new Archbishop was that "there was one Monsignore less in England."

Cardinal Wiseman died on the 15th of February, 1865. He lay just a month between life and death, tranquilly measuring the days. Dr. Manning was in Rome, and at the beginning of that last month we wanted to telegraph for him to return. "Not yet," said the Cardinal, "I will tell you when": and one day he said of his own accord, "Telegraph for Dr. Manning." When he arrived, the end was very near, but the Cardinal was still conscious. Dr. Manning told him that Pius IX. had sent him his affectionate blessing. "Thank him, thank him, thank him," he said, and no further word passed between the dying Cardinal Archbishop and his successor.

Cardinal Wiseman had said that if anybody preached at his funeral, he hoped it would be Dr. Manning, and his wish was respected. The memory of that funeral has not faded away from the minds of those who saw it seven-and-twenty years ago. Englishmen honour their great men, at all events when they pass away, but those who saw the wonderful sight did not expect to see it surpassed, as it was in many respects distinctly surpassed in the funeral we have just seen. The body of Cardinal Wiseman lay in state and was visited by hundreds; Cardinal Manning's was visited by thousands, and their quiet and reverent demeanour was most impressive, as in long lines they awaited their turn for admission, or as they passed through the chamber in which he lay in his vestments, with nuns and priests praying around him. The Requiem of Cardinal Wiseman was in the Pro-Cathedral at Moorfields, a church that would not have held a tithe of the multitude that filled the Oratory; and in this funeral, in addition to the Bishops of the Province, Ireland sent an Archbishop and four Bishops to do honour to the friend of their country. If the funeral procession fell short of the marvellous sight that was so forcibly described by Cardinal Manning himself,¹ it was partly due to the much shorter distance between the church and the cemetery, and partly to the wise and judicious instruction issued by the Vicar Capitular that the mourning coaches on this occasion were not to have four horses. In both cases the striking feature was the multitude that thronged the roads

¹ *Miscellanies*, by Henry Edward Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. Burns and Oates, 1877, p. 163.

through which the funeral procession had to pass—such a multitude as would be drawn together only by a State funeral with its accompaniment of military pomp.

Cardinal Wiseman's funeral caused the death of his old Vicar-General, Dr. Maguire. Dr. Manning and Dr. Maguire were men of very different schools, as unlike one another as it was well possible for two men to be, who were bound to have so much in common. Naturally they had not been much drawn together until that time, but when Dr. Maguire lay awaiting death from the illness brought on at the funeral, Dr. Manning visited him frequently, and a new relation sprung up between them. "Your footstep outside my door is as music to my ear," was the greeting with which, towards the end, he received his visitor.

After Cardinal Wiseman's death I went to Brittany for a rest and change. I had said Mass in the Cathedral at Quimper, and had gone into a *café* for my breakfast, when my eye caught the words in a little French newspaper: "Monsieur Manning a reçu ses bulles de Rome." "Our tour is over," I said to my fellow-traveller; "I shall have to go back now." I telegraphed from Brest, "If this news is true, send me your blessing," and the answer, as I expected, was "Return at once: it is true, though I cannot understand it." When I saw him he said that he had it not in his heart to desire that high station, if it were not for the good that it would enable him to do.

Every one knows that Archbishop Errington was once Cardinal Wiseman's Coadjutor with right of succession. That the Cardinal should have asked for him to fill an office that brought them into such mutual dependence, was a singular proof that, learned, large-minded, large-hearted as he was, Cardinal Wiseman knew little of human nature. They had been close friends who had never agreed together on anything. Dr. Errington much against his will was taken from the see of Plymouth to be the Cardinal's Coadjutor, and the two Prelates were so unlike that it was simply impossible that one should become the *alter ego* of the other. Dr. Errington, who then was made Archbishop of Trebizond, with the right of succeeding to Westminster, was a warm-hearted, affectionate man in the heart that was hidden away, but in the outer man he was unyielding and severe. At any rate these two great and excellent men viewed almost all practical details in a

different way, and the close co-operation between them that their official relation required, was impossible. It is not in the least to be wondered at that Cardinal Wiseman should have pressed the Pope to remove his Coadjutor, and at last it was done. The Pope did it, not as a judicial, but as a paternal act; and Catholics could not but be edified when they saw Archbishop Errington subside into a parish priest in the Isle of Man or a professor at Prior Park. If he was ever hard on others, he was harder on himself; and if he was zealous and unyielding out of season as well as in season, it was for law and for right, for the Church and for God.

When Dr. Errington was named Coadjutor, the Chapter had voted for him; and when the see was vacant on Cardinal Wiseman's death, they voted for him again. The Chapter presents three names to the Holy See on such occasions, and the two other Bishops, whose names went up with Dr. Errington's, wrote to the Pope to ask that he might be appointed. Practically thus no choice was left to the Pope, and that was a position that Archbishop Errington's friends were hardly wise in creating. On similar occasions the Pope has sometimes called for another list of names; on this he took the choice into his own hands. In any case the name of Provost Manning stood so high everywhere that it could not fail to come before the mind of the Pope. The man whom Cardinal Wiseman regarded as sure to be his successor, was the one to whom many hearts turned as the man of God sent to meet a great crisis and to fill the loftiest station amongst us. So thought Pius IX., and setting aside the names presented by the Chapter of Westminster, as indeed on various other occasions the Chapter names have been set aside, the Pope made Mgr. Provost Manning Archbishop.

It was intimated to him that if he went to Rome the Pope would consecrate him with his own hand; but at the same time he was told that it was the opinion of the Holy Father that it would do more good in England if his consecration took place in London. He was consecrated in Moorfields by Dr. Ullathorne, Bishop of Birmingham, the sermon being preached by Dr. Amherst, Bishop of Northampton. The sermon was on the Office of the Holy Ghost, and Archbishop Manning listened to it with the keenest interest, and spoke of it afterwards with high praise, for it treated of the devotion of his predilection. The consecration was on the 8th of June, and if Cardinal

Wiseman had lived to that day, he had intended to have invited all the Bishops of England to celebrate it with solemnity, in that very Church of Moorfields, for it would have been the Silver Jubilee of his Episcopate. The Bishops were there, but it was to assist at the consecration of his successor.

Archbishop Manning resolved to go to Rome and to petition in person for the pallium—that pallium which in accordance with the Church's rule has been buried with him. An Archbishop until he receives the pallium has no right to the full title, and is called "Archbishop Elect." He is also forbidden to use his pontificals. The interval was rather long in Archbishop Manning's case, and he received instructions from Propaganda to cease calling himself "Elect," and to act as though the pallium had been conferred upon him.

When he went to Rome, Pius IX. said to him in his first audience: "Ah, while the see was vacant, many people said many things to me against my placing you there, but I had a voice in my ear that continually said to me, *Mettetelo lì, Mettetelo lì*—'Put him there, put him there.'" This I heard from him on his return from Rome, under an injunction on his part not to mention it, but lately I told him that I thought that his injunction of silence on this subject had expired long ago.

I must now speak of a very personal matter, but for it I owe Cardinal Manning a great debt of gratitude, of which I am anxious now to pay some instalment. I was living in his house, and I was his Diocesan Secretary. An ancient desire had revived in my heart with irresistible force, and I was most anxious to be permitted to enter the Society of Jesus. In Cardinal Wiseman's time and in the early days of Archbishop Manning it would not have been possible. There was no one to take my place in an office that must necessarily be filled and that no one coveted. Many strings were in my hands, and unless some one else would take charge of them, I could not move. Such a one was found, and I have always looked on his coming as a special favour bestowed by God's goodness upon me.

One day I said to the Archbishop that the physical labour of so much writing was too much for me. He agreed at once, and said that two priests were coming for their destinations that day, and I might have either of them to help me. He suggested one of them, and I acquiesced; but a little while

afterwards I went to him, saying, "My lord, that choice just now was a mistake. Let me have Dr. Johnson instead. I am sure that he will do." Dr. Johnson came, and it was soon clear that he could do my work far better than I could do it. Literally before long I was without an office, and Archbishop Manning had a diocesan Secretary immeasurably better than me.

While the Archbishop was debating with himself what he would do with me next, he went out of town, and I seized the opportunity to go to Roehampton to make a retreat. Father Fitzsimon accepted me only on the condition that I did not trouble him, as he was busy with the long retreat of his novices. I did not need him, for I had no sooner set foot in the chapel where the novices were making their meditation than I saw clearly—and the light, thank God, has never faded away—that the time was come and that it was God's will that I should enter the Noviceship.

In consequence of Dr. Johnson's perfect fitness for my duties, Archbishop Manning *could* let me go; but *would* he? I asked Father Weld, who was then Provincial, whether he would receive me, and he said that if I came with the full consent of the Archbishop he would, but he "would not fight for me." He would take me if I were free to come; and on that supposition I asked him how long he supposed it would be before I could hope to enter the Novitiate. His answer was that if I was out of that house in six months, I might consider myself fortunate. I was out of the house with the Cardinal's full leave in less than a month. I asked him on the vigil of St. Andrew, 1864, and before Christmas he had let me go.

That vigil of St. Andrew I am not likely ever to forget. It was against His Grace's wish that I should leave him, and against his judgment too, for he did not believe that I had a vocation to the religious life; but this only makes his speedy acquiescence all the more generous. I never had from him an unkind word, he never did a harsh thing in my regard; and though by my own act I separated myself from him and all his interests, he never shut me out from his friendship. I never noticed any coldness in his manner towards me at any time during these five-and-twenty years.

I am fully aware that I am not saying anything complimentary to myself, if I add that the Cardinal felt it much more when his nephew, Father Anderdon, left his house and Father Humphrey left the Oblates in order to enter the Society.

Those who knew his house and remember William Newman, the faithful servant who had been for many years butler to Cardinal Wiseman, and who continued in the service of Cardinal Manning—those who know what the loss of Newman was to him, will be able to appreciate the humour with which he said: "To make it quite complete, Newman should go to be a lay-brother."

But now to turn to matters of wider interest. All the good that Cardinal Manning has done to his clergy, all the encouragement that he has given them, all the efforts that he has persistently made that they might look on themselves as, and ever be, the salt of the earth—what nobler work could a Bishop do? "To do good to those who do good to others," was St. Ignatius' preference, and how few they are that have it in their power! This was the central pivot of all Cardinal Manning's endeavour. With this in view he very wisely encouraged the popular feeling which suddenly gave to the Secular Clergy the title of "Father"—an infinitely preferable title to that of "Mister," which from time immemorial they had been called. The epithet "Secular" the Cardinal greatly disliked, but of course it is too deeply rooted in universal usage to be eradicated now, and besides, no substitute for it has been suggested. But the Cardinal wanted to bring home to the clergy that they were *in sortem Domini vocati*, and he had the pleasure of seeing himself surrounded by a zealous, hard-working, self-denying priesthood. Thank God that their number has steadily increased. At the time of the Cardinal's Jubilee, a year and a half ago, it was computed that there were then 350 priests to minister to the same number of Catholics that a quarter of a century before were ministered to by 210; that is to say, there are five priests now where then there were three.

Interested to the very depth of his heart as the Cardinal was in the promotion of an apostolic spirit amongst the clergy, he could not be otherwise than zealous for their education. Two different systems were open to him to pursue; and of them he chose one, in which choice he has been followed by all the Bishops. One plan would have been to have had one large Ecclesiastical Seminary for the North and another for the South of England, resembling in each case the old and venerable College of Douay. It could have had the best President and staff, the best Professors, the best Spiritual Father, or Dean, the best Procurator, that many dioceses in combination could have

supplied. The position of all these, the living stones of a Seminary, could have been made so dignified and so desirable, that the case would have been rare when any one would have wished to leave the Seminary for the mission. The students of each year would have been numerous, and while the teaching would have been of the highest order, there would have been emulation in large schools and a powerful public opinion in favour of study. The money spent in building local Seminaries and in maintaining a staff for each, would have been expended upon the education of a larger number of Church students, and so the product might have been better both in quantity and in quality.

But this was not the Cardinal's choice, and though a plan like this would seem to promise a more abundant and better harvest for the present, it would have been a worse provision for the future. First of all, it would have been very difficult of realization. There would have been no Government Grant to build and endow such a College as was built and endowed at Maynooth by a Parliamentary vote. All the money now spent in local Seminaries could not have been put by for burses. All the Bishops would have had to contribute the funds for the erection of a vast Seminary *in alieno solo*, and they would have had to contribute their share of the maintenance of the permanent staff. Management by a number of Bishops, who would have met but rarely, might easily have had its difficulties; and though such a joint Seminary, in the days of our poverty and our fewness, would have been in accordance with the decree of the Council of Trent, which says that poorer and weaker dioceses are to combine; yet the time would have soon come when the undoubtedly preferable plan of a thoroughly efficient Seminary in each diocese under the Bishop's own eye, would have become evidently necessary, and then what would have been the destiny of the large central College, and how would it have been possible to take from it the money each diocese had contributed towards the bricks and mortar, that pay no interest and could not be sold piecemeal? No; tempting as the other plan certainly is to contemplate, Cardinal Manning showed his usual wisdom in preferring, with a smaller present benefit, a plan more permanent in its character, where the outlay of the present is an investment for the future.

His wisdom was even more conspicuous in his conduct respecting a Cathedral for his diocese. When he came to the

throne, it was a question much mooted whether a Cathedral ought not to be built, or at all events begun, to become the Metropolitan Church of Westminster. Cardinal Manning took his line at once, and never swerved from it. He said that if he left to his successor a site for his Cathedral, he would have done his share; and he wisely added that if he had to raise the funds for the building of a large church, it would be impossible for him to provide, as he was determined to provide, for his poor children by Reformatories, Industrial Schools, and Orphanages. He has kept his purpose nobly. A splendid site, consisting of a large portion of that once occupied by Tothill Fields Prison, is secured for the future Metropolitan Church; and it may be added that Mr. Clutton made at his own cost a noble set of drawings for the church, in fulfilment of the Cardinal's single instruction that it was to be as large as Notre Dame.

The Archbishop's house in Carlisle Place which had been built to serve as a club for the privates of the Guards, whose married men's barracks almost adjoin it, was a residence after the Cardinal's own heart. It was substantially built and very spacious, but when that is said the praise it deserves is almost exhausted. But the Cardinal liked the austerity of its bareness and openness. There was not a bedroom in it, when he bought it, and the upper floor was undivided. He put up three little rooms or cells in each of its corners, in one of which he slept and died. During the day he encamped in one of the large rooms of the floor below, dwelling behind a screen, with his books and papers on the floor and tables, all round his chair. The other great rooms on that first floor were admirably adapted for the reception of the crowds who thronged them on certain occasions, like the Low Week Meeting of the Bishops. For the rest, Sir Andrew Clark was not far wrong when he said, as he mounted that cold stone staircase to visit his illustrious patient, "Your palace is a famous place for catching colds."

It has been just said that the Cardinal deliberately chose his children instead of his Cathedral. If we understand rightly his statement issued in May last, there were "of old," that is when he became Archbishop, "two Orphanages and one Industrial School," whereas now his Diocesan Inspector reports on the condition of eleven Poor-Law Schools, three Industrial Schools, one Reformatory, and nine Orphanages, in which twenty-four schools 3,204 children were present at the last Religious Inspection.

The miserable condition of our workhouse children was represented to a Committee of the House of Commons in Cardinal Wiseman's time. How rejoiced that tender-hearted pastor of souls would have been if he could have known that in the year preceding the death of his successor, there would be 1,149 boys and 1,104 girls, or in all 2,253 Catholic workhouse children, in the Certified Schools of the dioceses of Westminster and Southwark. It is cheering to see page after page of the Inspector's Report occupied with the comments of Guardians from Unions in every direction, all expressing their content and satisfaction. And if we include the Parochial Elementary Schools as well as the Certified Schools we have been speaking of, we have the wonderful increase in the Cardinal's time, to which he used to refer with such thankfulness, that while in the year 1865, in which he was made Archbishop, the number of children present at the Religious Inspection was 11,145, by the year 1890, the number had risen to 22,580.

At the time of the Cardinal's Jubilee attention was called to the very singular fact that the children under education have been doubled without any corresponding increase of our Catholic population. The following is taken from baptismal returns for the diocese of Westminster :

	In 1850	1865	1870	1870-4	1875-80	1889
Infant Baptisms	5,719	7,975	7,197	7,080	6,891	7,208
Conditional Baptisms ...	581	1,164	1,190	958	1,135	1,300
	<hr/> 6,300	<hr/> 9,139	<hr/> 8,387	<hr/> 8,038	<hr/> 8,026	<hr/> 8,508

I have before me a letter written by the Cardinal on the 18th of October, 1890, in which he kindly gives me the latest of these figures. He speaks in it of an increase of about 100 baptisms in the last twenty years, and then he says: "I do not ascribe this to an increase of population. Indeed, we know that many have been driven, by a demolition of houses, to the south of the Thames. The cause [of the increase of baptisms] I believe is this. In the last 25 years, about 33 new missions have been founded, and 17 or 18 stations dependent on them. These 50 new centres have increased the baptisms, notwithstanding the migration." In reality, however, the infant baptisms are exactly what they were twenty years ago. In 1870 they were 7,197, and in 1889 they were 7,208. That which the priests at the 50 new centres of activity, and those

in the 80 old ones, have done, is to double the number of children attending Catholic schools, out of a Catholic population which for the reason given by the Cardinal has remained stationary.

The two greatest events in the reign of the late Cardinal Archbishop were the Vatican Council and the Conclave. As to the latter, it was a singular fate for an Englishman to have had a vote or two given him in the scrutiny that preceded that which elected the Pope. An English name has probably not been announced from the altar on such an occasion since Nicholas Breakspeare was elected as Sovereign Pontiff. As to the Vatican Council, we were proud of the position our Archbishop held in that most august assembly. How his heart was in its dogmatic decrees, a little incident showed on the night before his death. The edition of the Pontifical that was used for his Profession of Faith did not contain the words that Pius IX. had added to the Creed of Pius IV. Another copy was fetched, in which they were; and whereas he had listened carefully and followed closely the previous articles, as Mgr. Provost Gilbert read them at his bedside, the declaration of his adhesion to the Vatican definitions, and especially to the Infallibility of the Pope, he insisted on reading with his own voice.

I will only add one or two little personal traits in conclusion. It was the Cardinal's habit to sit close to a blazing fire, and Newman's orders were to keep it at white heat. To my fancy he was like St. Thomas of Canterbury, who was extremely thin and chilly. He was also like the Saint in the keenness of his senses, which with the exception of his hearing remained to the very end. Not long ago he sent for me to talk over something that had happened when I was his Secretary, and his memory proved better than mine. His mental clearness and vigour in extreme old age were very remarkable. This also certainly was characteristic, that in money matters he was one of the most generous of men. If a difficulty could be solved by his opening his purse-strings, he was sure not to hesitate. Then again, he was an excellent man to have to transact business with. I remember the change when he succeeded Cardinal Wiseman. Long before his death, Cardinal Wiseman was under the influence of the disease that killed him. It became very difficult at last to get one's business done. I used to hide away my papers as I entered his room, and then produce them when the

propitious moment had come; but Archbishop Manning was ready for work at any time, and indeed he had a faculty that his nephew Father Anderdon shared, of being able to turn to severe literary labour immediately after dinner. His dinner was simplicity itself, and practically he had but one meal a day. That spare, emaciated frame needed singularly little nourishment. Canon Johnson told me that when the Cardinal met the leaders of the Dockyard strike in the schoolroom at Poplar, he came back in the evening at nine o'clock, having touched nothing since his frugal dinner at one, and he felt so little exhaustion that he could then and there, over his bread and butter, tell his Secretary all that had passed.

The Cardinal was not a teetotaller when I lived with him, though he was always extremely abstemious. In those early days, before he took the pledge himself, he was presiding at a teetotal meeting, and said in his speech, "For myself, I never touch wine except by the direction of my doctor." "Change your doctor," some one cried out from the bottom of the hall. This was unanswerable. The Cardinal often told the story with a thorough enjoyment of his own discomfiture, and with equal gusto he would repeat the following. He was passing one day down the Crescent at the back of his house in the Vauxhall Bridge Road, when he overtook a very respectable artisan, who as it turned out was a Catholic. "Have you taken the pledge?" was the question the Cardinal lost no time in asking. "No," said the man, "my confessor told me I did not need it." "I have taken the pledge myself," the Cardinal said, somewhat unwarily. "Perhaps you needed it," said the man, with a look in his eye that showed his sense of the position.

In medical papers it was said that the doctors who attended the Cardinal did not venture to prescribe for him as they would have done if he had not so strong an aversion to alcohol. At a meeting on Tower Hill he once said, "You may have heard that I have been ill, and perhaps you have been told that alcohol was prescribed for me by my doctor, and that I took it. Let me tell you that alcohol was not prescribed for me, and if it had been, I would not have taken it." In his last illness hot whisky and water would have loosened the phlegm in the bronchial tubes, and have added perhaps a few days to his life. He was not told so, because his feeling was well known. But was he bound to lengthen his life by such a course? Carthusians are not allowed to take meat, even though a doctor should say

that it is necessary to prevent death. The Cardinal surely was at liberty to follow the same principle as the Carthusian Rule.

I need not add a word about Cardinal Manning as a preacher. Those short crisp sentences, that never-failing choice of the most appropriate words, the silvery flow of sound, together with matter of the highest interest, and a perfect skill in the manner of its handling, all these things have through many years attracted and arrested and delighted innumerable hearers. With a tender little story that has just been told me of a sermon preached to prisoners, I end this scanty notice of one whom I am glad to call a master and a friend.

My informant met in America Mr. Boyle O'Reilly, whose career was a somewhat chequered one. He enlisted when a mere boy in the English army, with the express object of spreading Fenianism among the English soldiers. He was soon informed against, tried, and sentenced to penal servitude for life. For a time he was at Millbank, then sent as a convict to New South Wales, whence he escaped and made his way to America, where he acquired for himself a good position, and was well known as a very successful editor and not unsuccessful poet. While at Millbank, he said, the favourite topic for sermons to the prisoners was the Prodigal Son. They were all weary to death of the Prodigal Son, and hated his very name. One day a stranger came to preach in the gaol chapel. They knew by his violet cassock that he was some one out of the ordinary. As usual he began about the Prodigal Son, and the convicts settled themselves down to sulky inattention. But in a very few minutes they were all listening eagerly, and after a few minutes more the tears began to steal down the rough cheeks of several. Before the sermon was over hardened ruffians were sobbing, so touching was the simple description of the home of the prodigal, the picture of his old father and heart-broken mother, of the innocent joys of his childhood, and of its contrast with his after degradation and self-reproach. That sermon left a deep mark on the remembrance of all who heard it, and Boyle O'Reilly said that apart from all his love for Cardinal Manning for his devotion to the cause of his country, the remembrance of that sermon had endeared him to him for all the rest of his life.

JOHN MORRIS.

The Marvels of Theosophy.

WITHIN the last forty years three systems have come before us, the origin of which was from the beginning, and still is, a matter of dispute. The first of these was Spiritualism, the second Hypnotism, the third Theosophy. They all were at first denounced by many as mere deceptions, and indeed Theosophy has not yet passed entirely beyond the phase of being regarded as a clever imposture. But the first two have been so frequently and so carefully tested by men above all suspicion of connivance, who have so often vouched for the facts alleged, and by those whose intellectual ability and trained habits of observation gave them a right to speak with authority, that no one in the present day, who has made any study of their phenomena, doubts of their reality. Imposture is quite out of the question as a full explanation of Spiritualism and Hypnotism, and it is merely a question whether they are due to some invisible and preternatural agency, or to certain laws hitherto very imperfectly known to us and to the agency of natural forces which we have hitherto to a great measure overlooked.

This question has received a different answer in the case of Spiritualism and in that of Hypnotism. Spiritualism is, by the general verdict of educated men, quite inexplicable by any already discovered or even possible laws of nature. Either we must give it up altogether, or else confess that there are about us certain invisible beings, possessed of powers we do not possess, and of a nature altogether different from our own. Amid a good deal of imposture, and many curious facts that may possibly be explained naturally, we are compelled to confess that there is an inexplicable residuum, which is not merely accidental, but forms the very essence of what we know as Spiritual phenomena. On the other hand, the general consent as to Hypnotism is that, though there may be mixed up with it incidentally the action of invisible beings, and though it may even afford certain special facilities to them for the exercise of

their powers, yet that it is in its essence simply natural, as natural as any other science into which both moral and physical agencies undoubtedly enter. The bases of these two conclusions are simply and solely observed facts. The only questions still under discussion are whether the preternatural agents in Spiritualism are friends or foes to truth and virtue, and whether the effects likely to follow from the employment of the newly discovered forces that Hypnotism brings into play are likely on the whole to prove beneficial or prejudicial to the human race.

Theosophy, however, has not reached so advanced a stage as either of the other two. It is still an open question whether it is not mere trickery. If there is any sort of consensus respecting it, it is that the facts, *if* true, are certainly preternatural. But there is a prevalent suspicion that it will before long be discredited by a complete disclosure of its method of imposing on the credulity of mankind.

Before attempting to express any opinion on this point, we must remind our readers that the matter may be complicated by the presence in any system under discussion of an admixture of imposture, either with some invisible agency, or with the ordinary operation of natural laws, with which men in general are unfamiliar. The general opinion respecting the character of Spiritualist agency is in no way interfered with by the discovery of an instance, or of a dozen instances, in which the mysterious raps are traced to some mechanical device or to some concealed confederate; the clever illusions of Messrs. Maskelyne and Cook do not shake our conviction that the well-authenticated instances of very similar phenomena elsewhere are due to the action of preternatural beings. We are all inclined to hurry to the conclusion that we have explained all the phenomena of a system because we have discovered a simple explanation for one or two particular cases, and though there is a certain presumption that one instance of deception carries with it many more, yet we must not forget that if into any system preternatural agencies enter, we should naturally expect them to make it their object to mingle together truth and falsehood, reality and imposture, in a way that will most effectually throw dust in the eyes of those who are under their influence. The real question in the case of any such system is not about some of its phenomena, but about its *general* and *distinctive* phenomena, whether these are natural or preter-

natural, whether the facts to which it appeals as furnishing a ground for its pretensions are human or superhuman. It is not a matter of what it claims itself, for on the one hand the impostor will be most anxious to be regarded as possessing supernatural powers, and on the other, those who really possess powers beyond those granted to man, may be desirous for a variety of reasons to hide the supernatural or preternatural character of their deeds. What has to be decided is whether the facts on the reality of which we can rely, and which are put forward by the advocates of the system as its motives of credibility, are to be traced to supernatural, natural, or preternatural causes.

We have now to apply these principles to Theosophy. We have several questions to answer respecting it. First of all: Are there a sufficient number of established facts connected with it, inexplicable either by known laws, or by self-delusion, or by clever trickery, to justify us in declaring its members in possession of powers which ordinary men do not possess? Secondly: Are these powers due to a deeper knowledge of the natural laws that govern the universe? Thirdly: If not, are we to ascribe their exceptional powers to the presence of invisible agencies assisting and guiding them? Fourthly: Are these agencies human or superhuman, and if superhuman, are they supernatural or preternatural, that is, are they to be traced to the beneficent action of Almighty God, acting through His heavenly messengers, or to the malignant action of the enemies of God, whose object is to dishonour Him and deceive and ruin those who are made in His image and likeness?

We begin with the facts. It is not possible here, within the space of a few pages, to give the reader any idea of the mass of cumulative evidence which Theosophy can adduce in proof of its claims. Starting as I did with every wish to find its wonders explicable either by some natural laws already known to us only in a rudimentary stage, or else by a skilful system of mingled deception and self-deception, I have to confess that the combined testimony of intelligent and reliable men and women compelled me to give a rather grudging assent to the facts narrated as true. When we find a system, in spite of derision, and abuse, and opposition, steadily gaining ground among the educated classes, when moreover it asserts facts the most startling, which every one is at first sight inclined to treat as a ridiculous attempt to

impose upon them, and yet through those very facts obtains credence among those who would be the first to expose an imposture, when the truth of the facts is vouched for by witnesses who are clearly competent and impartial witnesses,—we are compelled to confess that the message that it brings is at least one that we ought not to turn away from without giving it a fair hearing. Before we reject it as untrue, we are bound to give solid reasons for doing so, and not merely to dismiss it with a sneer of incredulity. Now in the case of Theosophy, the witnesses are unimpeachable. It has stood the test of time, and the unfavourable report of the agent sent out by the Psychical Society, so far from doing it any permanent injury, as it certainly would have done had it been the imposture that that document represented it as being, seems to have rather strengthened its position and increased the number of its adherents. It has a right to demand of us that we should at least look carefully into the facts it adduces, before forming our opinion. Nothing is easier than to dismiss alleged marvels with an accusation of clever fraud. To do so is to assume a superior position of intelligence which is flattering to our self-love. To be incredulous is always a cheap way of seeming to be wise. If well-attested facts are brought under our notice, and we are quite at a loss to explain them, the honest course to be pursued is to confess our ignorance and suspend our judgment, not to evade the difficulty by arbitrarily denying the facts. Catholics complain, and complain very justly, of the unfairness of those who dismiss modern miracles with an ignorant denial of their reality. We must not treat the alleged wonders of Theosophy with a like unfairness.

What Theosophy claims is the possession of a power over nature by which are produced phenomena such as every other system would call miraculous. Miracles are entirely foreign to Theosophy. They attribute the so-called miraculous effects merely to the moral and intellectual superiority of those "great souls" living for the most part in the mountain-fastnesses of Thibet, whom they term Mahatmas, and who are able, by reason of their higher cultivation and deeper knowledge of nature's secrets, to do what is altogether out of the power of ordinary mortals. Their natures are so spiritualized that they share with spiritual beings the faculty of instantaneous passage from one end of the earth to the other, of transporting material objects the longest distances in a moment of time, of com-

municating with their absent friends, and of making themselves even visible to certain privileged persons, while they are invisible to all around. They reproduce, in fact, a series of phenomena almost exactly corresponding to the phenomena of Spiritualism, but give to those phenomena quite a different explanation. They profess to be able to give a rational explanation of all Spiritualist marvels, and if they could establish their system to begin with, I should be inclined to regard their attitude in respect of Spiritualism as a very sensible one.

Before we come to instances of the distinctive phenomena of Theosophy, it is only right to say that it does not appeal to these phenomena as the basis of the system. It rather seeks to keep them in the background, as not suitable for communication to the exoteric crowd, even of those who are friends of Theosophy. They are merely subsidiary to it, somewhat as Christian miracles are subsidiary to Christianity. The appeal for a hearing, and the claim to be accepted as true, is not made to them, but to the loftiness of doctrine and the consistency of the Theosophist teaching, and to its power to explain all possible phenomena, including the miracles of all other religions whatsoever. As to this it appeals, so on this we shall have to judge it, and the explanation of its wonders will depend on our decision as to its teaching. But we must not overlook the fact that its miracles are the motives of its credibility. Without them we should never have seen it take root as it has done. Just as in many a heathen land the miracles of Christianity were a powerful agency in drawing attention to its doctrines, and in accrediting the mission of its teachers, so there is no doubt that the marvels of Theosophy have been a most important element in the propagation of its doctrines, and in calling the attention of thoughtful men and women, seeking after a religion, to this new system, which supports its moral teaching with facts so extraordinary, and so inexplicable by any of the natural laws with which we are familiar. In giving one or two well-attested examples of these Theosophic wonders, I must again remind the reader that such stories, isolated as they are from a number of similar ones of the same character, are therefore at an obvious disadvantage in point of credibility.

The first of these is an incident now sufficiently familiar to all who are interested in Theosophy, but which may not be

known to some readers of *THE MONTH*. It occurred at a dinner party at Simla, and is vouched for by all the nine persons who were present, and who were in good positions, and quite incapable of any deliberate deception. Madame Blavatsky was one of the party present, and during dinner became conscious of the presence in the room of one of "the Brotherhood," whose astral body had been transported thither by its owner from his dwelling in the recesses of some Buddhist temple in Thibet. Madame Blavatsky, as an initiate of the Brotherhood, had acquired faculties which enabled her to perceive what was invisible and inaudible to the rest of the company. To her the invisible visitor intimated that she was to offer to one of the company to obtain for them some object from a distance that they were anxious to possess, and the discovery of which would be a matter of much difficulty. She accordingly made the offer to a Mrs. Hume, who was sitting near her. Mrs. Hume, after a moment's thought, said that she would be glad above all things to regain a brooch given her long ago by her mother, and which she had unfortunately lost some months before she had any knowledge of Madame Blavatsky. She had never spoken to her of the brooch, or to any one else for months past. She was, moreover, a complete sceptic as to the powers of Theosophy. But we had better give the story in the words of the document signed by those present in attestation of the reality of the wonderful phenomena of which they were eye-witnesses.

On Sunday, the 3rd of October, at Mr. Hume's house at Simla, there were present at dinner Mr. and Mrs. Hume, Mr. and Mrs. Sinnett, Mrs. Gordon, Mr. F. Hogg, Captain P. J. Maitland, Mr. Beatson, Mr. Davidson, Colonel Olcott, and Madame Blavatsky. Most of the persons present having recently seen many remarkable occurrences in Madame Blavatsky's presence, conversation turned on occult phenomena, and in the course of this Madame Blavatsky asked Mrs. Hume if there was anything she particularly wished for. Mrs. Hume at first hesitated, but in a short time said there was something she would particularly like to have brought her, namely, a small article of jewellery that she formerly possessed, but had given away to a person who had allowed it to pass out of her possession. Madame Blavatsky then said if she would fix the image of the article in question very definitely on her mind, she, Madame Blavatsky, would endeavour to procure it. Mrs. Hume then said that she vividly remembered the article, and described it as an old-fashioned breast-brooch set round with pearls, with glass at the front, and the back made to contain hair. She then,

on being asked, drew a rough sketch of the brooch. Madame Blavatsky then wrapped up a coin attached to her watch-chain in two cigarette papers, and put it in her dress, and said that she hoped the brooch might be obtained in the course of the evening. At the close of dinner she said to Mr. Hume that the paper in which the coin had been wrapped was gone. A little later, in the drawing-room, she said that the brooch would not be brought into the house, but that it must be looked for in the garden, and then as the party went out accompanying her, she said she had clairvoyantly seen the brooch fall into a star-shaped bed of flowers. Mr. Hume led the way to such a bed in a distant part of the garden. A prolonged and careful search was made with lanterns, and eventually a small paper packet, consisting of two cigarette papers, was found amongst the leaves by Mrs. Sinnett. This being opened on the spot, was found to contain a brooch exactly corresponding to the previous description, and which Mrs. Hume identified as that which she had originally lost. None of the party, except Mr. and Mrs. Hume, had ever seen or heard of the brooch. Mr. Hume had not thought of it for years. Mrs. Hume had never spoken of it to any one since she parted with it, nor had she, for long, even thought of it. She herself stated, after it was found, that it was only when Madame asked her whether there was anything she would like to have, that the remembrance of this brooch, the gift of her mother, flashed across her mind.

Mrs. Hume is not a spiritualist, and up to the time of the occurrence described was no believer either in occult phenomena or in Madame Blavatsky's powers. The conviction of all present was, that the occurrence was of an absolutely unimpeachable character, as an evidence of the truth of the possibility of occult phenomena. The brooch is unquestionably the one which Mrs. Hume lost. Even supposing, which is practically impossible, that the article, lost months before Mrs. Hume ever heard of Madame Blavatsky, and bearing no letters or other indication of original ownership, could have passed in a natural way into Madame Blavatsky's possession, even then she could not possibly have foreseen that it would be asked for, and Mrs. Hume herself had not given it a thought for months.

This narrative, read over to the party, is signed by—

A. O. HUME.	A. P. SINNETT.	P. J. MAITLAND.
M. A. HUME.	PATIENCE SINNETT.	WM. DAVISON.
FRED. R. HOGG.	ALICE GORDON.	STUART BEATSON. ¹

This is only one out of a number of similar stories narrated by Mr. Sinnett, whose honesty and personal belief in the marvels of which he tells can scarcely be doubted by any one who reads his interesting book. He had, moreover, through the instrumentality of Madame Blavatsky, the privilege of

¹ *The Occult World*, pp. 56, 57.

receiving a number of letters from one of the Brotherhood. Portions of these letters he publishes, and if we fail to see in them the claims to our admiration which they seem to have presented to Mr. Sinnett, it is perhaps because, from reasons which we shall give hereafter, we have good reason to regard with some suspicion the learned Brotherhood of the Mahatmas. We will however give a few extracts from what Mr. Sinnett calls "the most interesting correspondence in which it was ever his privilege to be engaged." Koot Hoomi Lal Sing was the name of his mysterious correspondent, that is, his Thibetan mystic name, taken by him at initiation in the Brotherhood. He announced himself as a native of the Punjab, attracted to occult studies from boyhood, and sent to Europe to be educated in Western knowledge, but afterwards fully initiated in the greater knowledge of the East. His first letter made its appearance one day on Mr. Sinnett's writing-table. Mr. Sinnett, in a letter to which Koot Hoomi's was an answer, had proposed, as a proof of the powers of the Brotherhood, the production in India of a copy of the *London Times* on the day of its publication.

This his unknown correspondent refused to do, alleging that just "because this test would close the mouths of the sceptics, it was inadmissible." This refusal was reasonable enough, whatever may be the explanation we adopt of Theosophist wonders. No wonder-worker will work his wonders to order, whether they are natural, supernatural, or preternatural. We have therefore no ground for denying Koot Hoomi's powers because he declined to exercise them at Mr. Sinnett's bidding. But the long letter that follows is, we must confess, hard to reconcile with the wonderful knowledge and cultivation ascribed to the Occult Brotherhood. To the ordinary European reader it seems miserably poor in style, while the ideas conveyed by it partake largely of the nature of what I am compelled to call absolute rubbish. For instance :

The *Vril* of the *Coming Race* was the common property of races now extinct. And as the very existence of those gigantic ancestors of ours is now questioned—though in the Himavats, on the very territory belonging to you, we have a cave full of the skeletons of these giants—and their huge frames, when found, are invariably regarded as isolated freaks of Nature—so the *vril*, or *akas* as we call it, is looked upon as an impossibility, a myth. And without a thorough knowledge of *akas*, its combinations and properties, how can science hope to account for

such phenomena? We doubt not but the men of your science are open to conviction; yet facts must be first demonstrated to them; they must first have become their own property, have proved amenable to their modes of investigation, before you find them ready to admit them as facts. If you but look into the preface to the *Micrographia* you will find, in Hooke's suggestions, that the intimate relations of objects were of less account in his eyes than their external operation on the senses, and Newton's fine discoveries found in him their greatest opponent. The modern Hookees are many. . . . In common with many, you blame us for our great secrecy. Yet we know something of human nature, for the experience of long centuries—ay, ages—has taught us. And we know that so long as science has anything to learn, and a shadow of religious dogmatism lingers in the hearts of the multitudes, the world's prejudices have to be conquered step by step, not at a rush. As hoary antiquity had more than one Socrates, so the dim future will give birth to more than one martyr. Enfranchised Science contemptuously turned away her face from the Copernican opinion renewing the theories of Aristarchus Samius, who "affirmeth that the earth moveth circularly about her own centre," years before the Church sought to sacrifice Galileo as a *holocaust* to the Bible. The ablest mathematician at the Court of Edward the Sixth, Robert Recorde, was left to starve in jail by his colleagues, who laughed at his *Castle of Knowledge*, declaring his discoveries vain phantasies. (pp. 67—69.)

This was the first letter of a series that passed between Mr. Sinnett and his mysterious correspondent among the Mahatmas. One of those that followed was the occasion of various marvels to which Mr. Sinnett bears personal witness, and it is hard to see any escape from the acceptance of the facts narrated by him, except the rather clumsy hypothesis of either wilful deception on his part, or else of his being the victim of similar deception at the hands of others. One day he found one of the mysterious notes from Koot Hoomi, in which he promised to send him in the course of the day some proof of his astral presence. It happened that there was a party invited to lunch on the top of a neighbouring hill, at which Madame Blavatsky, as well as Mr. Sinnett and his wife, were present. In the course of the lunch Madame Blavatsky inquired of him where he would wish to find the object that Koot Hoomi was going to send him. Anxious to put the wonderful power of his correspondent to the test, he suggested the interior of a cushion belonging to Mrs. Sinnett, and which had not been out of her possession all day. "Perfect liberty," he says, was left to him in the choice of a hiding-place for the object that was to be sent him, and the cushion could have been in

nobody's hands to tamper with beforehand. The rest of the story we will give in his own words :

When the cushion was agreed to, my wife was told to put it under her rug, and she did this with her own hands, inside her jampan. It may have been there about a minute, when Madame Blavatsky said we could set to work to cut it open. I did this with a penknife, and it was a work of some time, as the cushion was very securely sewn all round, and very strongly, so that it had to be cut open almost stitch by stitch, and no tearing was possible. When one side of the cover was completely ripped up, we found that the feathers of the cushion were enclosed in a separate inner case, also sewn round all the edges. There was nothing to be found between the inner cushion and the outer case, so we proceeded to rip up the inner cushion, and this done, my wife searched among the feathers.

The first thing she found was a little three-cornered note, addressed to me in the now familiar handwriting of my occult correspondent. It ran as follows :

"My 'dear Brother,'—This brooch, No. 2, is placed in this very strange place, simply to show you how very easily a real phenomenon is produced, and how still easier it is to suspect its genuineness. Make of it what you like, even to classing me with confederates.

"The difficulty you spoke of last night with respect to the interchange of our letters, I will try to remove. One of our pupils will shortly visit Lahore and the N.W.P., and an address will be sent to you which you can always use, unless, indeed, you would prefer corresponding through—pillows ! Please to remark that the present is not dated from a 'Lodge,' but from a Kashmere valley."

While I was reading this note, my wife discovered, by further search among the feathers, the brooch referred to, one of her own, a very old and very familiar brooch, which she generally left on her dressing-table when it was not in use. (pp. 76, 77.)

Now if this incident stood by itself, and if Mr. Sinnett were not a man of known veracity, well-educated and intelligent, we might put it down to a very clever bit of trickery effected by means of confederates. But it is one of so many similar stories which, like the brooch anecdote narrated above, are attested by a number of unimpeachable witnesses, that such an explanation becomes a moral impossibility. There is a sort of unerring instinct in the world of educated men, that after a certain time distinguishes with almost infallible accuracy between real and pretended marvels. For a time indeed there may be some hesitation, but gradually there arises a consensus. No one for instance imagines that the marvels of the Egyptian Hall are wrought by the aid of the devil, or that Hypnotism

is a mere trick, worked by a system of confederates pretending to be in a hypnotic trance, and on the other hand no one who has studied the phenomena of Spiritualism attentively denies the intervention of invisible and preternatural agents. In the case of Theosophy there is not as yet so complete a consensus; but there is already an approximation to such an agreement among all who have taken the trouble to read the evidence to be found in books, and who mix in Theosophic circles. There is one verdict, and one only, among outsiders who have looked into its pretensions, and that is, that it exhibits phenomena which cannot be explained either by the hypothesis of clever deception, or by the action of natural laws as yet imperfectly known.

But may it not be that there exist many natural laws still entirely undiscovered? It may be urged, and with justice, that Hypnotism has introduced us to a natural explanation of a great deal that up to the present time has been regarded as exclusively supernatural or preternatural, as the case may be. If the testimony of the French schools is to be relied upon, there have been produced hypnotic phenomena bearing a close resemblance to the sacred stigmata imprinted on the bodies of some of the saints. Why should not the same be true of the facts of Theosophy? Theosophy makes no pretence to the supernatural. Why should we not take it at its word? May it not be that the sages of the East have really discovered secrets of nature still unknown to the less subtle intellects of Europe? May there not have been handed down to them some ancient tradition which they have developed and perfected during the long years of their silent ascetic contemplation in the monasteries of Egypt, India, and Thibet?

If this were the case, we should at least have some sort of approximation to a knowledge of the laws on which the superior knowledge power of these Eastern sages is founded. In the parallel case of Hypnotism there is nothing more than a further application according to scientific and systematic method of natural agencies that were previously employed by amateurs, and by those who used them for their own purposes, and not for the good of the community at large. The mesmeric trance was perfectly familiar to us long ago. Somnambulism exhibited another section of the phenomena of Hypnotism. The study of the nervous system, and of the laws of attention, gives us the key to other facts which at first appear startling. That a

scientific investigation has developed not a little the artificial production of phenomena which were before regarded as beyond our control is undeniable. Hypnotism may explain the presence of external effects resembling the stigmata of some of the servants of God, but this only means that in producing certain physical effects, God may have in some cases worked through physical laws, instead of by His own immediate and direct agency. This may seem to some a very terrible discovery, just as some deemed it a terrible thing that a man should succeed in surpassing in length of time the fast of our Lord. But there is nothing either in one case or the other to frighten us or disturb our pious beliefs. There is no introduction of marvels utterly inexplicable on any known laws or forces even shadowed in our previous knowledge. There is simply the carrying into a new field of what was partially known to us under a different guise.

But the case of Theosophy is altogether different. Its phenomena (assuming their reality) are the phenomena, as nearly as may be, of Spiritualism. If Spiritualism can be explained by natural causes, then we will admit that Theosophy can also be thus explained. But if the concurrent testimony of scientific men is to the effect that Spiritualism exhibits facts which cannot now be explained by any known laws, and that it is practically impossible that any laws to be hereafter discovered can account for them, then I confess that I think we must use the same language with regard to the marvels of Theosophy. There is an almost exact correspondence between the phenomena of the two systems. If the Theosophist eagerly disclaims the tenets of the Spiritualist, it is because the similarity of the facts leads to a connection being naturally supposed to exist, and because the identification of the two systems would entail the ruin of his own. There is scarcely a single one of the extraordinary facts of Spiritualism which we do not find reproduced in the annals of Theosophy. The medium becomes conscious of the presence of a being invisible to the rest of those present, but instead of proclaiming himself a disembodied spirit, the friend or relative of one of the company, it is of one of the mysterious Brotherhood who is there, projecting his astral body in a moment by a mere act of his will from the recesses of Thibet to a hill at Simla, or to a London or Boston drawing-room. From the ceiling of a room where are assembled a company of Theosophists,

there suddenly drops a fragrant bouquet of roses, but here it is no spirit that has brought it for one it loves, but it is a gift that a kindly Mahatma has sent from the seclusion of his far-off home, having gathered them, we presume, amid some gardens far away where the flowers bloom in what is to us the season of midwinter. Raps sound upon a table to which no one is near, but it is not now one of the departed who desires to converse with one whom he loved on earth, but it is one of the "Great Souls" who wishes to say words of wisdom to his assembled friends and adepts. Music is heard played by invisible hands, but instead of its being the work of spirits floating in the air, it is but a proof of the wondrous skill of the occult Brotherhood, whose superior knowledge of nature's laws makes it easy for them to produce the vibrations which give birth to some bewitching harmony, though all musical instruments are far away. The adept is raised by invisible hands and floats aloft safely in mid-air; he is transported from place to place in a moment; he passes through opposing matter with the greatest ease. But it is not the friendly spirits that bear him aloft. The strange sight is the result of the application of natural laws by those who have an insight into them altogether different from our own. The facts are almost exactly identical; it is only the explanation of them that vary in the two systems. Yet Theosophy professes to be able to perform feats which are beyond the power of the mediums of Spiritualism. Theosophists allow that Spiritualists are infinitely nearer to a comprehension of occultism than those who are still wrapped in the darkness of orthodox incredulity about all supernatural phenomena, but say that they are too much inclined to put a Spiritualistic interpretation on all such phenomena. When Theosophy first came into sight, some of the Indian Spiritualists declared at first that their spiritual guides informed them that the Theosophists were misled by the fact that Madame Blavatsky was an extraordinary medium, who had been deceived by her "familiar" into a belief in the illustrious Brotherhood of the Mahatmas. But this uncomplimentary account of the new system they afterwards withdrew. They after a time declared their full belief in the Brotherhood, and said that they were appointed to work in concert with them. This points very strongly to a like agency at work in the one system and the other.

There was a certain Mr. Eglinton, a devout Spiritualist, to

whom this communication was made by the spirits who held converse with him. The Mahatmas were not to be outdone by the spirits in their preternatural courtesy, and in return for this acknowledgment of their reality, Koot Hoomi, the Mahatma of whom we have spoken above as having frequently held communication with Mr. Sinnett, promised that he would visit the convert on his way to Europe, and that on the same day Mr. Eglinton's friends in Calcutta would receive a letter from him on the very evening on which it was written, giving an account of the interview. We will continue this curious story in Mr. Sinnett's own words :

The promised visit was *actually paid*, and not only that but a letter written by Mr. Eglinton at sea on the 24th describing it—and giving in his adhesion to a belief in the Brothers fully and completely—was transported instantaneously that same evening to Bombay, where it was dropped ("out of nothing" like the first letter I received on my return to India) before several witnesses; by them identified and tied up with cards written on by them at the time; then taken away again and a few moments later dropped down, cards from Bombay and all, among Mr. Eglinton's friends at *Calcutta* who had been told beforehand to expect a communication from the Brothers at that time. All the incidents of this series are authenticated by witnesses and documents, and there is no rational escape for any one who looks into the evidence, from the necessity of admitting that the various phenomena as I have just described them, have actually been accomplished, "impossible" as ordinary science will declare them. (p. 132.)

The letter thus wonderfully transported ran as follows :

SS. *Vega*, Friday, 24th March, 1882.

My dear Mrs. Gordon,—At last your hour of triumph has come ! After the many battles we have had at the breakfast-table regarding K. H.'s existence, and my stubborn scepticism as to the wonderful powers possessed by the "Brothers," I have been forced to a *complete belief* in their being living distinct persons, and just in proportion to my scepticism will be my *firm unalterable* opinion respecting them. I am not allowed to tell you all I know, but K. H. *appeared* to me in person two days ago, and what he told me dumbfounded me. Perhaps Madame B. will have already communicated the fact of K. H.'s appearance to you. The "Illustrious" is uncertain whether this can be taken to Madame or not, but he will try, notwithstanding the many difficulties in the way. If he does not I shall post it when I arrive at port. (pp. 133, 134.)

This extraordinary transmission of a letter from a ship at sea to Bombay, with other wonderful accompanying incidents, is declared by Mr. Sinnett to be unparalleled in the annals of Spiritualism.

The general attitude of Theosophy to Spiritualism is that of a sort of dignified friendship, while recognizing the reality of the Spiritualistic phenomena, gives an explanation of some of them from a higher platform than that of the Spiritualists themselves. Let us hear what Mr. Sinnett has to say on this subject :

There has been a great deal written lately in England about the antagonism between Spiritualism and Theosophy, and an impression has arisen in some way that the two *cultes* are incompatible. Now, the phenomena and the experiences of Spiritualism are facts, and nothing can be incompatible with facts. But Theosophy brings on the scene new interpretations of those facts, it is true, and sometimes these prove very unwelcome to spiritualists long habituated to their own interpretation. Hence, such spiritualists are now and then disposed to resist the new teaching altogether, and hold out against a belief that there can be anywhere in existence men entitled to advance it. This is consequently the important question to settle before we advance into the region of metaphysical subtleties. Let spiritualists once realize that the Brothers do exist, and what sort of people they are, and a great step will have been accomplished. Not all at once is it to be expected that the spiritual world will consent to revise its conclusions by occult doctrines. It is only by prolonged intercourse with the Brothers that a conviction grows up in the mind that as regards spiritual science they *cannot* be in error. (pp. 135, 136.)

The summary of what we have as yet arrived at is this, that there seem to be well-attested phenomena connected with Theosophy which cannot be accounted for by any known laws ; that though a certain amount of imposture may be mixed up with the marvels narrated, yet it will not account for them all, but that there is a considerable surplusage that cannot possibly be so explained ; that this surplusage consists of phenomena corresponding almost exactly to those of Spiritualism ; that whatever interpretation we may give to the phenomena of the older system is in all probability the true interpretation of the more recent Philosophy of Occultism. If in the case of Spiritualism it is generally admitted on all sides that there are invisible agents at work to whom its wonders are due, we must concede the same kind of agency to Theosophy. What we shall have to consider in our next article is the character of the beings with whom Theosophy surrounds its adepts and disciples.

R. F. C.

Was St. Aidan an Anglican?

DR. LIGHTFOOT, whose premature death we all so much deplore, had occasion to preach on several occasions in places memorable on account of their part in the early ecclesiastical history of Northumbria. It was natural that he should use the opportunities thus offered to quicken the interest of his hearers in the ancient glories of their neighbourhood. It was natural, also, that he should approach his subject from the standpoint now so much in favour among Anglicans, and assume a oneness in faith between his own Northumbrian disciples and the founders of the Northern Church. For the same reason it was natural that the sermons should have been highly thought of, coming as they did from so distinguished a man, and that the desire should have been expressed to have them published in a collective form. This was done, though not till death had separated the preacher from the hearers. They were published last year, the little volume containing some additional sermons on certain post-Reformation occupants of the see of Durham, in pursuance of the ruling idea that continuity between the Catholic past and the Anglican present has never been interrupted.

With these more recent celebrities we are not concerned. But, as the sermons on the early Northumbrian saints and missionaries are considered by Anglicans, especially in the North, to afford a valuable support to the continuity theory, we shall do well to examine into the matter.

We would commence with an expression of satisfaction that Anglicans should be thus ardent in claiming for themselves this continuity with the past. This, doubtless, is not the usual feeling of Catholics in regard to the continuity craze. It is irritating to Catholics that they should, by indirect consequence, be regarded as interlopers and styled an "Italian Mission." Still, after all, this will not do us much harm. No Catholic is likely to find his own allegiance undermined by Anglican

arguments in defence of perhaps the weakest historical position ever taken up. It is doubtful if those arguments continue to weigh even with Anglicans who have once taken into direct and serious consideration the claims of the Papacy, the only ground on which a logical conviction can be ultimately based. On the other hand, it is a healthy sign that Anglicans should cherish a strong belief in the necessity of continuity with the ancient Church: and the more passionate the belief is, the better. The immediate result may possibly be to afford a seemingly broader basis of attachment to their present position, but this result can only be passing. Honest minds cannot for ever be held captive by spurious history. Especially in these days, the cogency of true facts is ultimately irresistible. Let us, then, be thankful to God that the desire for continuity has developed so lively an interest in the origins of English Christianity; let us pray that the day may be hastened when the study shall have led to its natural goal of truth, and meanwhile let us make manifest rather our sympathy with this reawakened love of the old, than our irritation at any incidental expressions of hostility to ourselves.

"It was not from Imperial Rome, nor from Kent, the handmaid of Rome, that Northumbria was destined to receive her Christianity. A larger and freer spirit must be stamped on the English Church in her infancy, never to be obliterated in maturer age."¹ In these words we have the key-note to the preacher's contention. The spirit of the modern English (that is, Anglican) Church is a spirit of freedom. It is this which makes recognition of the Roman thralldom an impossibility to her, and it is her consolation to find that this self-same spirit, which she has so faithfully preserved, is congenial. She received it from the earliest of all her founders. For the founders in question were founders, not of the Northumbrian Church only, but of the entire English Church, one small corner in the south-east alone excepted. To Aidan, not to Augustine, must be attributed the conversion of every kingdom of the Heptarchy save that of Kent. "Augustine was the Apostle of Kent, but Aidan was the Apostle of England."² When we probe deeper and inquire into the cause of Aidan's success and Augustine's failure, we discover it in the power of "earnest,

¹ *Leaders of the Northern Church*. By the Right Rev. J. B. Lightfoot, D.D., late Bishop of Durham, p. 41.

² P. 11.

simple, self-denying lives," pleading with a force which no eloquence of words can command :"¹ the suggestion being that these qualities were deficient in the Roman missionaries led by St. Augustine. A tendency to disheartenment, want of courage to face persecution, imperfect realization of the difference between solid and superficial conversions, and other defects are imputed to the Roman, by contrast to the Celtic, missionaries. It would seem as if we were to understand that this better moral equipment, with the consequent success in the arduous labours of the apostolate, was the natural outcome of the alleged rejection by the Celtic missionaries of the Papal Supremacy; although the inference is hardly supported by the comparative results of Anglican and Catholic missionary effort in modern times. Such is the substance of Dr. Lightfoot's contention in the first four sermons of his little volume, a contention which in the sermons themselves is rather asserted than proved, but which is supported by some slight attempts at argument in the appended notes.

A few words first to give in outline the history of the planting of the Christian faith in this country. St. Augustine was sent by Pope Gregory the Great, in 596, with a few companions, to convert the island of Great Britain. The missionaries seem to have set out with some very natural trepidation of heart on their journey to the distant land where the Roman arms could afford them no protection. On their arrival in France, the reports reaching them of the ferocity of the islanders daunted their courage still more, and it required all the authority and persuasiveness of the intrepid Pontiff, who would have readily shared their dangers in his own person, to nerve them to their enterprise. Success, however—an easy success in the first instance—was in store for them. Ethelbert, King of Kent, was gained over almost at once, and the example of the monarch whom they revered and trusted, was followed generally by his subjects, and the see of Canterbury was founded in what had hitherto been the royal city. For a time the obvious course was to consolidate the work commenced. But after an interval of seven years an opportunity offered of establishing another Christian centre in the neighbouring East Saxon kingdom. Mellitus was sent to London, and the foundations of the original Cathedral of St. Paul's were laid. Failure, however, overtook this new effort, twelve years later, when the

¹ P. 10.

Christian King Sabert died and his three Pagan sons succeeded him. Mellitus was bidden to depart, and the fate even of Kentish Christianity hung for a time in the balance when Ethelbert's death, occurring about the same time, transferred the sceptre to his Pagan son Eadbald. The latter danger was fortunately averted by the conversion of Eadbald, but though the sons of Sabert were all slain in battle after a short reign, some forty years intervened before the East Saxons would give heed again to the voice of the preacher.

After St. Augustine had been twenty years in his grave, an opportunity at last offered of making the truth known to the Angles of the North. Ethelburga, a sister of Eadbald, was chosen as his bride by Edwin, the Northumbrian Sovereign of Deira—Edwin, the son of that very Ella whose name had caused St. Gregory to say in his quaint manner, as he gazed on the white-skinned Anglian boys in the Roman slave-market, that *Alleluias* should sound in the land of Deira, and that it should soon be rescued from the wrath of God (*de ira Dei*). Eadbald demanded for his sister Ethelburga full liberty to profess her faith, and Edwin nobly replied that she should have it, and that he himself would embrace it, if on examination he found it to bear the marks of truth. Here was a bright prospect for Paulinus, now sent with the Princess as her chaplain. For a time, indeed, he had to wait for his harvest. Edwin was dilatory about his promised examination, but at length he was convinced, received Baptism, and joined with Paulinus in an active apostolate among his people.

The people seem to have listened with eager ears. Bede gives a glowing account of the plentiful conversions, and mentions by way of illustration how at one time at Yevering, at the foot of the Cheviots, Paulinus was occupied for thirty-six consecutive days in an uninterrupted labour of first instructing, and then baptizing in the waters of the Glen, the crowds who flocked to him from all the villages and places around. This was in Bernicia, the northern division of Edwin's kingdom. In Deira, the southern division, a similar sight could be witnessed on the banks of the Swale near Catterick. Nor did Paulinus confine his labours to the provinces north of the Humber. His zeal looked beyond, and we find him presently in Lindsey, the modern Lincolnshire and Nottinghamshire, repeating the same happy successes. At Lincoln itself, the Governor and his family were converted, and

a church erected near the site of the modern Cathedral; and at Tiovulfingacestir, probably Southwell, the Trent emulated the Glen and the Swale, and lent its waters to a multitude of neophytes. To the impulse of Paulinus also we ought fairly to attribute the apostolate undertaken by Edwin in East Anglia. At the time this East Anglian effort was not crowned with lasting success. Though many embraced the Faith in company with their King, Eorpwald, the latter was shortly afterwards martyred, and the province relapsed into heathenism. For a time only, however. It was permanently regained three years later, under Sigbert, the new King, who had been converted during a foreign exile. Shortly after his accession to the East Anglian throne, a Burgundian monk of the name of Felix crossed over into Kent and offered his services to Archbishop Honorius. Honorius sent him on to Sigbert, by whom he was gratefully received. And thus he became the Apostle of East Anglia.

To return to the northern kingdom. When the work of evangelizing it had lasted six years, and was full of the happiest promise, a great disaster befell the land. Penda, King of Mercia, the central sovereignty of the island, in league with Cadwallon, King of North Wales—the first a pagan, the second worse than a pagan in his bitter antipathy to the Christianized Anglians—invaded the dominions of Edwin, and defeated him in a decisive battle at Hatfield, in south-eastern Yorkshire. Edwin himself was slain on the field, and then ensued a “very great slaughter in the church and people of Northumbria.” The Welsh King, particularly, spared neither women nor children; he put them all to a cruel death, amidst great torments, and for a length of time harried all their provinces, in the resolve to exterminate the entire Anglian race from the territory of Britain. Paulinus, apparently, saw no object in remaining where for the present little work could be done, and, moreover, deemed it his duty to escort the Kentish Princess, with whom he had been charged, back to her brother’s dominions. He left his companion, James the Deacon, to supply his place so far as was needful, and we may suppose, in the defect of any positive record, that his intention was to return to the work himself when the storm should have blown over. However, the see of Rochester falling vacant at the time of his arrival in the south, he was appointed by Honorius of Canterbury to fill it.

The storm in Northumbria lasted for a year—“a year

hateful to all good men"—and then the air was clear once more. St. Oswald overthrew Cadwallon in the famous Battle of Heavenfield, and recovered all his uncle Edwin's dominions. Having spent many years of exile among the Scots, and received Christian Baptism and instruction from the monks of Iona, it was natural he should send thither for pastors to whose care he could commit his people. The result was the sending of St. Aidan, followed presently by many others from the same source; and thus the evangelization of Northumbria was commenced anew by these Celtic monks. Aidan fixed his see at Lindisfarne, and thus caused Bernicia rather than Deira, of the two provinces of the kingdom, to be the centre of the new missionary operations. We have heard from Bishop Lightfoot, in this faithful to the account given by the Venerable Bede, what manner of man St. Aidan was, and how his gentle saintliness told with the people. "Churches were built in various places, crowds used to come with joy to hear the Word preached, possessions and territories were given by royal munificence for the erection of monasteries, English children were taught by Scottish teachers, and learnt at the same time both more advanced studies and the observance of regular discipline." No further interruption was destined to stay the course of Northumbrian Christianity. After a nine years' reign Oswald was, indeed, slain in battle, probably at Oswestry, by the same Penda who had slain his uncle Edwin. But, though Deira and Bernicia were divided again for a short time, each received a Christian ruler, and after a few years Oswy, the brother of Oswald, united them both under his sceptre, and the succession was secured to his family. Aidan himself was spared for sixteen years to superintend the progress of his work, and after his death there were Finan and Colman and their successors to continue it. Nor was it only in the Northumbrian provinces that the Celtic mission from Iona gathered its fruits. During the episcopate of Finan, Peada, son of Penda, sought Baptism at his hands and begged for some monks, who were given him to convert the Mid-Anglians. An attempt was also made to re-convert the East Saxons by Cedd, one of St. Aidan's disciples, and after the death of Penda on the field of Winwaed, Diuma was sent to establish at Lichfield a bishopric of Mercia.

This was the extent of the Celtic labours. Under influences altogether independent of Columba, the West Saxon kingdom was evangelized. Birinus was sent over by Pope Honorius with

a commission to evangelize the Mid-Saxons. Landing, however, in Hampshire, he found the West Saxons in need of conversion, and felt that he would be fulfilling best the spirit of his charge by bestowing his first labours upon them. This was a few years before the arrival of St. Aidan in the North. The work of Birinus, very soon after its inauguration, had to pass through a crisis, but it came out safely, and, after the death of Birinus, was taken up and carried to completion by Agilbert, a Frankish Bishop, and other successors. The only English race still remaining Pagan was that of the South Saxons. The distinction of effecting their conversion was reserved for St. Wilfrid in 681, during one of his unjust exiles from Northumbria.

With the aid of this slight sketch, it is possible to estimate Dr. Lightfoot's contention that Aidan, not Augustine, was the Apostle of England. As Catholics, we have no motive for undervaluing the work done by the monks of Iona. They and the missionaries from the Continent are cherished with equal veneration by ourselves now as they ever were by our Catholic ancestors. We regard them all equally as our fathers in the faith, and they while living regarded one another as ministers of the same faith and fellow-labourers in the same good cause. Aidan, says Bede, "was deservedly loved by all, even by those who thought differently about the Pasch; and not only by persons of ordinary station, for he was held in like reverence by the Bishops themselves, Honorius of Canterbury and Felix of the East Anglians."¹ When, however, we are required in favour of St. Aidan to dispossess St. Augustine of his traditional title of Apostle of England, accorded to him by all previous generations, we may well ask on what grounds? Former ages have been unhesitating in awarding the title to St. Augustine, and to him only. In the Council of Clovesho, for instance, in 747, it was decreed: "That the birthday of the blessed Pope Gregory, as also the day of death, falling on May 26th, of St. Augustine, Archbishop and Confessor, who, sent by the aforesaid Pope, our Father St. Gregory, brought to the English race the knowledge of faith, the Sacrament of Baptism, and the knowledge of the heavenly country, be honoured and venerated by all as is becoming."²

Surely they were better able to know then than modern Anglicans can know now, what was the comparative impression made upon the country by the different workers and classes of

¹ *Eccles. Hist.* iii. 25.

² Haddan and Stubbs, *Councils*, p. 368.

workers, who, not further back than a century and a half, had founded their Church. And they tell us, out of this their fuller knowledge, that the original and the dominating impulse in the evangelization of the country was St. Augustine's, not St. Aidan's. Now this is just what is ordinarily meant by apostleship. The title belongs to the labourer who lays the foundations, and it is not necessary that he should have personally carried the building founded to its completion, or that he should have extended the borders of the Church to every province of the nation. What St. Augustine did was to found the Church in the kingdom of Kent, and thereby establish a basis for Christian rule and influence in the land. We can well understand why he did not do more. His episcopate lasted but six years, he had necessarily but a very few colleagues of his own, and the Britons to whom he applied for aid refused it in their un-Christian hatred of their Teutonic enemies. In spite of this dearth of helpers, he made an attempt to found two other bishoprics—one at Rochester, the other at London—and it was not his fault if the accession of the heathen Princes expelled Mellitus from London before the newly-sown faith of the East Saxons had had time to mature. To St. Augustine's impulse we must also attribute the grand work of Paulinus in the North, although it did not commence till twenty years after the Saint's death. We must call it a grand work, for so it was. Already we have heard Bede's account of what was done; but because a terrible persecution overtook it in its infancy and interrupted its course, we are asked by Dr. Lightfoot to regard the labours of Paulinus as a mere exhibition of "feverish activity." Paulinus, it is alleged, had not the prudence to think of consolidating his work: his only anxiety was to multiply converts. Consequently, when the trial came, "it was as if a sponge had passed over the land." How amusingly unconscious Anglicans are of the inconsistencies into which their position leads them! Augustine can spare no monks for external work, and seeks to consolidate that already begun. In consequence he is blamed for his want of zeal. Paulinus is beset by vast multitudes seeking admission into the fold. He spends himself day and night in giving such preliminary instruction as was possible under the circumstances, and then administers Baptism. In consequence he is accused of feverish activity. What sort of historical justice is this? Paulinus could not do much towards consolidating his work, because he had neither

the means nor the time. He did what he could: he made a beginning, and doubtless would have proceeded to mature what was in its infancy had his destiny allowed him. It is true he left when Cadwallon was devastating the land, and Dr. Lightfoot considers this to evince faint-heartedness. No doubt it would have been magnificent to stay and court martyrdom. But would the useless sacrifice of life have been more according to the dictates of Christian prudence than a temporary withdrawal, the more so as he did leave another to sustain the neophytes in their trial, one who perhaps was the better fitted for that office, just because he was the less known? And by what authority does Dr. Lightfoot tell us that the work of Paulinus was altogether blotted out? Bede is the only informant that we have, and he certainly does not say so much. At most it is Dr. Lightfoot's inference from Bede's story, and, we submit, it is a false inference. There was only a year's interval between the departure of Paulinus and the coming of Aidan. Bede himself tells us that St. Hilda had been christened by Paulinus, and he has preserved to us a touching account, told in his own hearing by one old man, of the veneration felt for Paulinus when he baptized in the Trent. It is reasonable to think that, although St. Aidan of course added many besides to the Church, a large number, the nucleus in fact, of the flock which gathered round him on his arrival was formed out of those whom Paulinus had converted and baptized. They were won back rather than won, and many of them not so much won back as preserved to the faith which they had not abandoned at heart during the persecution. There was continuity, in other words, between the work of Aidan and that of Paulinus: and so Paulinus more than Aidan, and, behind Paulinus, Augustine was the Apostle of the North.

Such is Augustine's claim to the title of Apostle. What about Aidan's? Aidan and his monks did undoubtedly a grand work. The faith of the neophytes was no longer in their days subjected to the trial of royal persecutions, and this made the labours of the missionary easier. We must note this difference between the circumstances under which the Celtic and the Roman missionaries respectively laboured, because it ought to enter into the comparison which Anglicans have challenged in the view of disparaging the Romans. The difference is in itself, however, matter only for thanksgiving, by no means for disparagement of the labours of the Celts. As

regards the extent of their part in the conversion of the country, we may call Aidan co-apostle, with Paulinus, of the North; and we may call his disciple Cedd an apostle of the East Saxons, and his other disciple Chad the apostle of Mercia. We may also award Aidan his share in the conversion of the South Saxons, whose immediate apostle was his still more famous disciple St. Wilfrid: although Dr. Lightfoot must have experienced a difficulty in comprising Wilfrid's works in the category of successes attributable to the freer spirit of the Celtic missionaries.

But it is time to pass to the more essential question, whether there was any such difference in faith between Aidan and Augustine as Anglicans have lately taken to maintain?

The story of the efforts made by St. Augustine to establish relations with the British clergy, is familiar to us all. There was a meeting under an oak-tree, somewhere near Cirencester, between the two parties, which came to nought because they could not arrange the terms. St. Augustine seems to have been aware that there was some difference of practice between the Britons and the rest of Christendom, the result of their great isolation from the centre of ecclesiastical life and teaching, and he had considered with himself how much of this dissentient practice he could conscientiously tolerate. He required of the Britons only that they should celebrate their Pasch at the same time as the rest of the world, that they should observe the rites of the Roman Church in the administration of Baptism, and that they should co-operate in converting the Anglians. Of these points the last was a matter of obligation under the precept of Christian charity, and the second must always remain obscure to us through the lack of further data. As regards the first we have full information. The Britons differed from the rest of the world in their assignment of Easter in two respects: first, in following a computation of Paschal cycles which, though formerly in use at Rome, had on account of its defects been superseded by one more accurate; secondly, in keeping the feast on the fourteenth day itself of the Paschal moon when that day happened to be a Sunday, instead of transferring it to the twenty-first, the Sunday following.

After some negotiations the Britons rejected the overtures of St. Augustine, and the question arises what was the real motives of the rejection. Anglicans, not deeming the points mentioned to involve any important principle, have concluded that the real issue lay behind, and was that of the Papal claims. So, for instance, Dr. Bright, who censures Lingard as follows:

"Lingard argues that the subjects of Papal authority and British independence did not come into consideration.¹ This is futile. The British delegates could not fail to know that Augustine did come to them as specially empowered from Rome. And their reverence for Rome did not, in their view, commit them to obedience to its emissary. But it *must* have done so, had it included a belief in Papal Supremacy."²

But if these subjects had come into consideration, Bede must have known it from his authorities. The dialogue, too, would have taken a different form altogether. There was no motive on either side for concealing the true issue, if it was that alleged. Dr. Bright's mistake is to assume that conduct is always strictly logical. If it were so, the inference from resistance and disobedience to rejection of authority would be sound. As it is not, the inference is unsound. What then were the real motives by which the Britons were actuated? That St. Augustine's pride in not rising to receive their envoys counted for very much is not conceivable. Judging from the circumstances, we may set down dislike of the Saxons, their race-foes, as the main ground of the British refusal. Still, probably each of St. Augustine's demands was repulsive to the Britons. Religious rites and usages, although only involving discipline, may through long custom become intensely precious. This very matter of Easter computation supplies us with an apt illustration from our own experience. When the suggestion is made that, in the interests of practical convenience, Easter should be a fixed instead of a moveable feast, it is always urged that no principle can possibly be involved in the proposal. Yet what Catholic does not instinctively feel that the change would cut him to the quick, and that if, what is of course inconceivable, the Pope could be got at by the advocates of change and should prescribe according to their wishes, it would require of us an almost heroic exercise of obedience to submit?

We are to conclude, then, that no evidence of difference of creed between St. Augustine and the Britons can be inferred from the occurrences at Augustine's oak. And this is in point, although we are immediately concerned with the faith of Aidan and the Northern Celts, not of the Celts in Wales. It is in point, because the faith of all the Celts was confessedly the same, and one argument advanced by Anglicans for the alleged "independence" of Aidan is the alleged "independence" of the Britons. It is in point again, because we have in the Easter

¹ *Anglo-Saxon Church*, i. 380.

² *Early English Church History*, p. 83.

controversy between the supporters of Colman, Aidan's successor, and those of Wilfrid, which came to a head at the conference of Whitby, sixty years later, a mere reproduction of the previous dispute at the oak. In Aidan's time, we are told by Bede, his error in celebrating the Pasch was tolerated. He was so respected and venerated by all, that those who knew better did not like to trouble him about an observance which he would have found it so hard to surrender. But after his death the inconvenience arising out of the clash between the two observances grew more acute and caused the scandal of differing from the Universal Church in so sacred a matter to be more fully realized. The crisis was reached one year, when King Oswy, following the Celtic computation, began his Easter festivities whilst his Kentish Queen was just addressing her mind to the mournful ceremonies of Holy Week. Then the conference of Whitby was held. The Celtic representatives were Colman, Bishop of Lindisfarne, with his clerics from Scotland, Bishop Cedd, who had preached to the East Saxons, and Abbess Hilda of Whitby. On the other side were Agilbert, Bishop of the West Saxons, Wilfrid, James the Roman deacon left behind by Paulinus, and Tuda, a Celt from Southern Ireland. Also there were present Kings Oswy and Alchfrid, the former inclining to the Celtic, the latter to the Roman, usage. Colman expounded the argument for his own side, relying on the authority of St. Columba and the supposed authority of St. John. Wilfrid replied, with some unnecessary heat of words, but with an excellent exposition of the motives demanding compliance with the Catholic custom, drawn partly from the reasons by which the Universal Church had been moved to adopt her method, partly from the general duty of obedience. Dealing with the authority of St. Columba pleaded by his opponents, he attributed that Saint's error to the absence of more accurate information in his distant dwelling-place, and expressed confidence that he would have abandoned it had the information arrived in his days. That thus he had suffered no harm from his error, which however would not be the case with the present generation of his sons, who would certainly sin if they condemned the decrees of the Apostolic See and the Universal Church. For were St. Columba and his monks of higher authority than the blessed Prince of the Apostles, to whom the Lord said, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church, and the gates of Hell shall not prevail against it, and I will give thee the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven"?

This appeal brought up King Oswy, who asked of Colman if such words were truly said by our Lord to St. Peter. On receiving the acknowledgment that they were, he rejoined, "This then is the door-keeper whom I will not resist, but as far as my knowledge and power goes, I will obey all his decrees, lest perchance when I approach the doors of the Kingdom of Heaven, there be none to open, he turning his back to me to whom the keys are proved to have been given."

The words of the Gospel brought home forcibly to the mind of the King the necessity of obedience to him whom God had placed over His Church, blessed Peter, ever living in the line of his successors. The effect on Cedd was the same. So was the effect on Eata and many of the monks of Colman's own Abbey of Lindisfarne: so probably was it on Hilda of Whitby, since she continued at her post under the rectified observance: so certainly it was on many others, as we learn from Bede, who says, "All present agreed with the King, the leaders from their seats, the commoner sort from the place where they stood." Colman, with a few others, alone continued to resist the change. They returned to Scotland, "in order to treat with their own people there what should be done." The phrase here used is noticeable. We may fairly gather from it that even Colman was not altogether sure of a point concerning which so many of his previous adherents had been convinced by the discussion held. He wanted light, and went to seek it of those in whom he had confidence. That he ever passed over himself to the Catholic observance does not appear, but the Celtic Christians had all accepted it within the space of half a century from 664, the date of the Council of Whitby. Those in South Ireland had even accepted it thirty years earlier, according to Bede, "in deference to the admonitions of the Bishop of the Apostolic See." The Northern Irish accepted it in 704, convinced by the reasoning of Adamnan, the then Abbot of St. Columba's own monastery at Iona. Adamnan was less successful with his own people, but these too were gained over twelve years later by the Anglian Egbert. In Wales, nourished probably by the intense animosity felt by its inhabitants for their English neighbours, the erroneous system held out longer. It was not completely extinguished till the commencement of the ninth century. But, as a set off against this, we find the Welsh consistently regarded by English writers as in schism on account of their attitude towards the rest of the Christian world.

From these facts we are able to see how little there is in

common between the position taken up by modern Anglicans and that of these ancient Celtic Christians. The Anglican position is one of protest based on a conscious theory that the "Bishop of Rome hath no authority in this realm of England," the authority which he claims belonging of right only to the English Crown. The attitude of the Celtic monks was not based on any theoretical differences in regard to the ultimate seat of authority between themselves and the rest of the Christian world. It was merely an attitude of practical protest against a particular measure, and based on the very strong feeling that the usage to which they had been so long accustomed, and into which they had, so to speak, grown, ought not to be abandoned. We may call this, as we have called it higher up, disobedience: refusal to obey a recognized authority as distinguished from refusal to recognize the authority commanding: refusal, too, to obey, not of the baser sort, but refusal arising out of the mistaken persuasion that the particular order issued was in violation of a most sacred obligation.

We must bring this article to its close with a reminder of the limits of its scope. Dr. Lightfoot appeals to the history of these discussions between the Celtic and the Roman missionaries, as though they formed a conclusive proof of the identity of creed, in regard to the question of Papal authority, between the Celts and the Anglicans. The present argument is directed against this notion only. It claims, therefore, to show that the attitude of the Celts in regard to a particular observance of the Roman Church,¹ is quite consistent with recognition of the latter's prerogative. All can be set down to disobedience on a point where, in their imperfect knowledge, they imagined authority was taking a wrong course. Our argument has, indeed, incidentally gone further. The fact that, when dealing with persons who claimed acceptance for the improved usages on the ground of their having the sanction of the Apostolic See, the Celts never said one word in dispute of the authority

¹ We use, of course, this term in its proper and ancient, not in its modern Anglican signification. They mean by it the aggregate of the Churches which acknowledge the supremacy of the Roman Pontiff. We, with the ancients, mean by it the local Church whose Bishop is by Divine appointment the Head of all other local Churches throughout the world. We may take occasion to add, what can never too often be repeated, that by the corresponding term, "Church of England," we, with the ancients, mean the local Church of these parts which acknowledges its subjection to the Bishop of the Church of Rome, whereas Anglicans use it to denote a body of Christians whose speciality is to disown that divinely appointed central authority.

invoked against them, goes far, if not the whole way, to show that the authority was one fully acknowledged. This also is the due inference from the corresponding fact that the Roman missionaries, who unquestionably believed, with the Pope who had sent them, in the supremacy of St. Peter's See, never reproached the Celts with any want of orthodoxy on this fundamental point. With this, on the present occasion, we must be content. It is possible indeed to go further afield and seek corroborative evidence of this point from the history of the British and the Irish Churches. Their remains are indeed far scantier than we could wish, and in this very scantiness Anglicans have sought materials in support of their purely negative creed. Sufficient, however, has been preserved to turn the scale, in the estimation of any impartial judge, in favour of the conclusion that the Celtic Church, both in Wales and in Ireland, was in its origins, and in the general tenour of its course, one with the continental Churches in its acknowledgment of the Papacy.

Let it however be granted, for the sake of argument, that the Anglican thesis is completely proved: that Welsh and Irish and Scotch¹ were in their origins quite as Anglicans are now. What then? Are they brought by this a whit nearer the establishment of their pet theory, that in the days of Henry and Elizabeth no breach took place in the continuity which they claim to hold with the Church of the Dunstons and the Anselms, the Cuthberts and the De Burys? If we are to say that the Celtic Church of Northumbria did differ, on the point of Roman supremacy, from the rest of the world, we must say also that it was of short survival. It gave way at once before the influx of what was deemed to be fuller light at Whitby. It retired to a remote island off the coast of Mayo, there also soon to lose all traces of its peculiar usages. Meanwhile in Northumbria all classes hastened to harmonize their beliefs and practices with those of their southern and continental brethren: and it is from them, not from the Celts—that is, supposing the two to have represented essentially different creeds—that the later English Church, the Church of the Anglo-Saxon and mediæval periods, derives its origin.

S. F. S.

¹ We are using these terms here and throughout the article, for convenience' sake, as they are understood nowadays.

The Foundations of Evolution.

IN a previous paper¹ I have endeavoured to show that the fashionable evolutionary creed labours under certain disadvantages in the eyes of those who, not wishing to adopt a belief merely because it is popular, endeavour to form for themselves a clear idea as to what it is, and why it is to be accepted. In the first place, the terminology is vague and unsettled, so that it is impossible to say what it signifies. Moreover, so much has to be assumed without the possibility of explanation or comprehension, as to deprive the system built on these assumptions of all scientific value. Finally, the proofs adduced in favour of Evolution are vague and inconsequent and do not bear close inspection.

Prescinding however from all this, there remain other lines on which an inquiry into the claims of the Evolutionary theory can be conducted, and it may be worth our while at present to consider one of these. Let us altogether abstract from the biological or geological arguments brought forward by Evolutionists; let us for the present suppose these to be as cogent as they are said to be; let us shut our eyes to the difficulties which have been raised on the score of terminology and definition—taking the creed at its own valuation, and admitting its exposition, of itself to be comprehensible and satisfactory, we shall find ourselves still confronted by a problem of insoluble perplexity.

It must be borne in mind that "Evolution" claims to be not a fact merely, but a principle. Not only, as we are told, have beings of various kinds been actually evolved, one from another, but there is a law in "Nature" making such evolution imperative, which law is, indeed, supreme and permanent over all others, forcing them all to co-operate towards its own ends, and making its power felt in every department of the universe.

¹ THE MONTH, January, 1892.

Not only has there been organic evolution, producing the various species of plants and animals, but previous to this and preparatory for it there was inorganic evolution of the material world, while subsequently there has been, and still is, mental evolution of individuals and sociological evolution of collective man. Such is the essence of the new gospel promulgated by Mr. Herbert Spencer and incessantly preached and popularized by the multitude of his disciples. New it undoubtedly is, and if it be also true there is abundant justification of the attitude of mental superiority assumed by its partisans in regard of all other schools of philosophy that have ever been. If this be indeed the great illuminating principle of the nature of things, and if all generations of men up to the present have not even suspected its existence, what is more obvious than that they have all been lost in Egyptian darkness and that their speculations may without further ado be summarily dismissed as absolutely worthless?

It is no less clear that for a principle which makes such enormous claims there should be very solid grounds, and that like other fundamental truths it should be capable of imposing itself imperiously upon the mind. Though too blind to see it for ourselves, we ought, now that it has been discovered for us, to recognize its harmonious power, and, observing how it throws light where hitherto there had been but darkness, to be impressed with the assurance of its truth.

If we would proceed to a fuller examination of the system which has been briefly outlined, it is undeniable that we may look to find it more clearly illustrated in the inorganic than in the organic world. Life is still—even for the most accomplished biologists—an acknowledged mystery. Of its origin they confessedly know nothing; of its laws they know so little as to be quite unable, with any exactitude, to calculate their course. All that they can pretend to do is to verify the operations of these laws as they occur, and conjecturally to construct a history for them in the past. But with the inorganic world it is otherwise. There, while the origin of the prevailing laws is utterly unknown, their operation is so clearly understood as to earn for the sciences that deal with them the title of "exact." The natural philosopher, the astronomer, the chemist, the electrician—all deal with that which can be not only verified but foretold—knowing the circumstances we know how matter will inevitably behave when placed in them; how one body will fall

and another rise, how planets will revolve and rotate, what chemical affinities will prove themselves more potent than others, how the needle will be deflected on the passage of an electric current.

This being so, if there be any province in which we may reasonably expect to find the truth of Evolution unmistakeably exhibited, it must be that of the material forces with which these exact sciences deal: here we should find it not in the shape of an induction more or less ingenious, and more or less vague, but reducible to a rigid formula, and demonstrable by the methods of mathematics.

What is the fact? Do we find in the material history of the world, as known to us, plain evidence of continuous and continual progress towards greater and greater perfection, fraught with infinite possibilities in the future of ever-evolving life and power? On the contrary: the process which we trace is one not of advance but of degradation, the term which we are able clearly to foresee is one not of indefinite expansion for the forces of nature, but of absolute extinction of them all; while no less assuredly do we learn that the condition of things which has rendered possible all the multitudinous laws with which science deals is one for which no theory of Evolution can even attempt to account.

To understand this we must go back to the beginning of things whence Evolution is to start. Confining ourselves to our own system of sun and planets, we are told, and with every appearance of probability, that the original condition of the matter composing them was a vast "nebula," a sort of cloud or vapour, wherein the countless multitude of atoms, now packed together in solid bodies, far apart one from another, as an enormous sphere more than seven thousand million miles in diameter, filled at least the whole space between the sun and the outermost of the planets, probably extending far beyond.

In this condition, which we have to postulate, in order to account for what follows, there is one element for which science can nowise account, and to which are due all those operations whereof she takes cognizance—the position of the atoms far apart. Had they been close together the world that we know would never have been; while to drive them apart a force is needed whereof we find absolutely no trace in physical nature.

That the world should become the theatre of those manifold laws which we daily witness in operation, it was absolutely necessary that there should be available a store of power capable of doing the work required, just as to drive a mill by water-power we must have a reservoir higher than the wheel that is to be turned, or to make a clock go the weights must be raised, which in their descent are to supply motive power for the machinery. In these cases, and all others where the operations of nature are performed, we require first that bodies be placed in a condition different from that towards which their own inherent forces tend to bring them, and it is the play these forces find in reasserting themselves that gives them the opportunity of acting. The water in the mill-dam or the weights of the clock have of themselves no tendency to do anything but descend, the action of gravitation causing all bodies to tend to approach one another, and these therefore to approach the earth. The force expended in putting them in an unstable position is thereby stored up, its exact equivalent being returned as they resume their natural position. Similarly when we bend a bow we forcibly alter its natural shape, and thus allow its elasticity to become available to propel the arrow. When we fire a gun we let loose the constituents of the powder from the chemical combinations they have been made to adopt, we do the like when we burn a piece of coal; the immediate result in the one case being an expansion which furnishes propulsive power, in the other a supply of heat.

The original situation of the particles composing the world at a distance one from another, was exactly analogous to that of the clock-weights when raised to their highest point. They were in an unstable position, in a position contrary to that whereto their own forces tend to bring them, and it is their constant running down towards that position, that is the main and most essential factor in the work of Nature. Given motion we at once get heat, from the friction or impact of particles and particles. Given variations of heat, we get change of chemical combination; similarly we get electrical action: all in brief that we have in the way of active forces in Nature, we owe to the fact that the world was at starting in a condition to change itself by its own forces. That is to say, I repeat, it was in an unstable, and in what we may call an unnatural, condition; its particles were placed where it would require enormous work to be done against gravitation to replace them

in a position from which they have been inevitably departing and must invariably continue more and more to depart. In other words, the weights of the clock are continually running down.

That is what I mean by saying that the process we find going on is one of degradation, for what is expended can never be recovered. Just as the weights of the clock cannot lift themselves to their first position, and the more work they do are less capable of further work, just as we cannot twice fire the same powder or burn the same coal, so every exercise of the forces of Nature marks a diminution of the stock on which it is possible to draw.

The sun, to take the chief example of all, is the great central engine of our planetary system, an engine of illimitable capabilities. He it is that pumps our water supply from the oceans into the clouds, feeding our lakes and rivers, and irrigating our fields. His rays it is that enable plants to grow, and to assimilate carbon from the atmosphere, binding it up in chemical combinations within their tissues for future use. It is because our coal-fields were once growing forests that they are able to furnish fuel; and when we burn a piece of coal we do no more than let loose the energy stored there of old by the sun. So, also, all animal force is supplied, for either directly or indirectly we all subsist on grass, the ox and sheep directly, and those who eat beef and mutton through them as intermediaries. The enormous work thus done by the sun upon our globe is but an insignificant fraction of that which he is capable of doing, for only those rays do this work which happen to light on our tiny sphere, and it would require more than two thousand million earths, at our distance from him, to catch them all. The small portion of his power thus exerted upon us is, however, so potent that if the land and sea were covered with horses, one to every twenty-five square feet, their united efforts would just avail for the work he does; while it is calculated that every square yard of his surface has a working-power equal to the steam of eleven of our largest ironclads.

Still, vast as it may be, this power of the sun is but another instance of energy, requiring a cause to explain its existence, and diminishing as it is exerted. That the sun is hot is undoubtedly an effect of that original position of the particles of matter which we have been considering. It is clearly shown

that the impact of large masses rushing together with great velocity, or, which is more probable, the shrinkage of the mass, amply suffice to explain the phenomena of solar heat however wonderful. But wonderful as they are, the sun can no more than a farthing rushlight burn without being consumed. All this enormous store of energy which he so lavishly throws about space, has to be drawn from his capital, and he is ever, of necessity, hurrying along the road that must inevitably terminate in total extinction.

Neither is it possible that by conversion of the heat, which has originated as we have seen, back again to motion things can be restored to their original condition. From its nature heat is incapable of being fully utilized in this manner. Only that portion of it, or of any form of energy, which does work can be used; and to do work it must encounter a body to work upon. But being radiated in all directions, much heat never meets with such a body, but travels vaguely into space, and though never destroyed becomes for ever inoperative, and we have seen how immense a proportion of the sun's heat is thus squandered. Therefore, although from a given amount of motion we can obtain an exact equivalent of heat, we cannot from that heat get back the equivalent of motion. Heat has therefore to be fed at the expense of motion, which being destroyed, as motion, in producing heat, and never adequately restored in its original form, is constantly growing less and less throughout the universe. All motion that we know tends constantly to be thus translated into heat. The rotation of our globe on its axis was once thought to be an instance of motion absolutely unchanging, but is now found to be slowly though surely retarded by the action of the tides, heat being of course produced by the friction which retards it.

Heat is therefore a most wasteful form of energy, and it is that which must inevitably supplant the others. Besides this heat can do no work except between bodies of different temperature, and the inevitable result of its action, when left to itself, being to produce uniformity of temperature between bodies, it must when there is no more motion, or other form of energy, to feed it, render itself powerless to do work at all, and then, in the words of Professor Balfour Stewart, the universe will no longer be a possible abode for living things.

Such, in very brief outline, is the doctrine that comes to us

with the fullest authority of science, in connection with one of her latest and greatest discoveries, that of the law of the conservation of energy. Imperfect as so summary a sketch must be, it will perhaps suffice for present purposes and enable us to answer the question as to the claim of the Evolutionary theory to explain the history of the universe. Looking forward to the future, we see that even supposing Evolution to be at present a fact, this can at most be but a transitory phase of the world's history. So far from there being any promise of continuous and ever-progressive ascent from height to height of greater and greater Evolutionary triumphs,—there is no hope: Evolution and all its works must inevitably go down into the pit of the dead lifeless heavens and earth which science has enabled us to foresee, and towards which every exertion of the forces which alone make Evolution possible brings us appreciably nearer.

Still more instructive is it to look backwards to the past. Let it be again repeated, the original condition of things, that on which everything depended, is one for which no theory of Evolution can account. No forces known to us in physical nature could possibly have produced that original condition: they could not even conserve it when it was given, and if they had left it as it was, the result would have been dead lifeless inactivity, exactly as that other condition to which we are tending. If the weights of the clock are drawn up but not allowed to descend, the result is precisely the same for the timepiece as if they had run down to their lowest, and, in like manner, it was only because there was matter so situated that it could be made to run together, and forces capable of making it do so, that the complex machinery of the universe was rendered possible. Nowhere, outside of poor Robert Montgomery's poem, did a stream ever "meander level with its fount," and the law which forbids such a feat is precisely that which has regulated the whole course of Nature, ordaining that course to be one of steady descent from the most advantageous form in which her constant sum of energy could exist, to other forms ever less and less capable of future work.

In all this it is hard to discern the presence of Evolution, ruling from end to end and dispensing with the need of anything but itself to explain the totality of things. Yet such, be it remembered, is the claim set up on behalf of the new doctrine. Unless the "great law of Evolution" runs through everything, it is not what it pretends to be, and here in this

department of science where more than in any other can precise conclusions be arrived at, we find its claims utterly discredited at both ends of the chain of life.

May we not unhesitatingly go further and say that what we do clearly learn is this: That there must have been from the beginning a power in existence, capable of doing all that had to be done in order to make "Nature" possible, a power differing from the forces of physical nature in being independent of accidental conditions for its effective exercise, not requiring to receive energy from another, nor spending it in its exercise—a power to which must be ascribed every operation of Nature that we witness, as to the arm that wound it is to be attributed the going of the clock? If we do not finally arrive at such a power as this, philosophy is no more than an endless game of hunt the slipper, and every system of cosmogony does but reproduce, under other names, the series of elephants and tortoises wherein Hindoo astronomy would find a support for the world. But if there be such a power, and if it be, as it must, one that could by no possibility be evolved, for it is the necessary pre-requisite of all processes, what more can Evolution be, if Evolution there is, than part of that system of law which flows from the condition, with which the First Power ordained that the operations of Nature should start?

To sum up. We have seen, as a result of the investigation of science, in that department where her knowledge is most truly scientific, that Evolution cannot be spoken of as a law of irresistible progress, sufficient for itself and imperiously working out its own operations: for, far more surely than any progress, there inevitably awaits it the utter extinction of all that it has ever done. Moreover, supposing Evolution to be the present law of things, the fact that it is so does not explain itself, but postulates of necessity a force beyond and behind all the forces of physical nature, whence alone can the law of Evolution or any other law derive the powers it has to work at all.

Mr. Herbert Spencer in his well-known definition describes Evolution as "an integration of matter and concomitant dissipation of motion; during which the matter passes from an indefinite incoherent homogeneity, to a definite coherent heterogeneity; and during which the retained motion undergoes a parallel transformation."¹ Many will feel that this definition,

¹ *First Principles*, § 145.

lucid as it doubtless is, does not altogether remove the mystery which surrounds the subject, but, whatever be obscure and difficult, it is obvious to ask whence came the conditions rendering possible this integration, this dissipation and this transformation; whence came the motion to be dissipated and transformed, the indefiniteness capable of definition and the incoherency capable of being made coherent. Finally—if Evolution be really this, how can a process contingent on so many conditions be described as explaining anything,—how can it with any show of reason be presented to us as the final principle which shall solve the mystery of the universe?

J. G.

*The Parisian Criminal Classes.*¹

PARIS being the most luxurious and cosmopolitan city in the world, naturally attracts the floating rascaldom of all lands towards it, like wasps towards the flame of a burning lamp. *Il mal seme d'Adamo*, flourishes there more rankly—making due allowance for its population—than in any other great agglomeration of human beings. Having devoted some attention to the repulsive and yet interesting subject, the criminal records of Paris, I have thought that it would be both useful and opportune, at a time when social questions are imperatively imposed on thoughtful men by a civilization growing more complex and artificial from day to day, to record the information I have gleaned from various sources on the criminal classes of the Continental Babylon.

Dealing, in the first place, with the small fry or dregs of these classes, they swarm in the by-streets of the great city, in most of which there are low public-houses, known as *brasseries borgnes* and night *cafés*, in which, amidst the fumes of bad tobacco and noisome smells, they gamble with greasy cards, drink poisonous liquor, and plan their robberies and burglaries. Many of these resorts are under the supervision of the police, who not only tolerate but encourage their existence, as they enable them to track and arrest more easily malefactors who are "wanted." The most desperate of these herd together in the *banlieue* and in dens near the fortifications.

At nightfall certain parts of the city are infested with ill-looking, hulking, scowling youths, on the look-out to rob some

¹ *Paris qui Dort.* Par Louis Bloch et M. Sagai. Paris : Librairie illustrée.

Le Monde où l'on vole. Par Hogier-Grison. Paris : Dentu.

Mon Premier Crime. Par M. Macé. Paris : Charpentier.

Paris Coupe-Gorge. Par Jules Fréval. Paris : Jules Lévi.

a France Actuelle. Par Ramon Fernandez. Paris : Librairie Chas. Delagrave.

stray wayfarer passing through an unfrequented street. In fact, organized bands of robbers are so numerous and daring in Paris of late that it is dangerous to traverse some of the more distant boulevards or public gardens even shortly after dark. Most of these prowlers are hardened and reckless criminals, who do not scruple to commit the worst crimes to procure the means of gratifying their passions; and they contemptuously designate one who shrinks from committing murder a *poule mouillée*—a chicken-heart or milksop. They are mostly fatalists, and when arrested or frustrated in their criminal projects, they invariably utter their cant phrase: *Pas de chance!*

Undoubtedly, much of the crime perpetrated in Paris—as in all places where drink is unchecked by the State—may be traced to alcoholism and dipsomania. From statistical returns we learn that in Paris alone the sum of six hundred million francs (£24,000,000) is expended annually on intoxicating drinks; an expenditure as large as that required for the maintenance of the French army. It is needless to say that, notwithstanding this enormous consumption of inebriating liquor, the Parisians in general, and the French as a nation, are abstemious and thrifty.

The criminals known as *récidivistes*, who have undergone more than one condemnation and who are under surveillance of the police, to whom they are bound to report themselves at stated intervals, have been, and are still, a fruitful criminal factor in the French capital. The number of this class has not been appreciably diminished by the application of the law of deportation of 1885. Its object is to remove persons guilty of repeated crimes from the place where they had been committed, and to give them a chance of earning an honest livelihood in the penal settlements to which they may be sent, and which they are not permitted to leave on the expiration of their term of punishment. The report addressed to the President of the Republic by the Minister of Justice, recently published, shows that in the year 1886 the Paris tribunals had pronounced two hundred and thirty-two judgments involving deportation. Most of these convicts are sent to New Caledonia, where they are treated with such comparative leniency that they accept their fate gladly, and embark for *La Nouvelle* as they fondly call it, with light hearts. The punishment they most dread is confinement in the *maisons centrales*, in which the solitary cellular system is adopted.

In the category of low-class Parisian criminals we may fairly rank the Anarchists; for, although they begin their career as politicians, they generally end by becoming dangerous malefactors. Many of these are superficially educated men, who see the realities of life in a distorted light, and whose heads are full of confused notions of the insidious and pernicious socialistic doctrines of Louis Blanc, Fourier, Saint-Simon, Most, and Weishaupt. These misguided men dream of a Utopia in which the State is to provide everything for them, in which they could enjoy lordly idleness, a luxurious table, untaxed tobacco, and unlimited drink. They hate all who are better off than themselves, and make war on society as their enemy and legitimate prey. A remarkable instance of this moral perversion was furnished last year in the case of a man named Duval, a very intelligent mechanic, who was tried in the Assize Court of the Seine for robbing and setting fire to the villa of the well-known lady artist, Madame Madeleine Lemaire. In his defence Duval declared that, being unable to procure work, he was quite justified in supplying his wants out of the superfluities of the rich, which belonged of right to the poor, and that he was not a robber, but an avenger (*justicier*) of "those who are the disinherited of the earth in a false and selfish social system." Duval's principles were greeted with applause by many persons in the court. What is even worse, the Socialist Press of Paris panders to the passions and mischievous theories of these men. The political fanatic who attempted to assassinate M. Jules Ferry was instigated to the commission of that crime by the violent articles against that statesman which appeared in these unscrupulous publications on the occasion of a Presidential and Ministerial crisis. Some notion of the opinions of these men may be derived from a manifesto issued lately by a body styled *La Comité Centrale des groupes Républicaines Socialistes*, which was of so wild and violent a nature that even an extreme Radical journal stigmatized it as "*la codification du délirium tremens.*" Although comparatively few in numbers, they constitute a real danger to society, and would, had they the chance, re-enact the Commune.¹ Fortunately they are cowed in presence of a vigilant, numerous, and well-organized police force, backed up, if need should arise, by the troops in the

¹ See the interesting work, entitled, *Le Charlatanisme Social*, by the Rev. P. Félix, S.J.

Paris garrisons, who have ever shown themselves ready to support the authorities loyally in any emergency.

More than any other capital, Paris is now, like ancient Rome, *colluvies omnium gentium*; and, in justice to its citizens, it is right to mention that more than half of its criminal population are foreigners who have been expelled, or have fled from their own countries for political or criminal offences. The majority of these are low-class Italians and Belgians, who constitute the most numerous foreign contingent in the Gallic capital. These lawless men have been notably increased of late by the influx of destitute workmen and waifs from all quarters.¹ Many rich foreign visitors also encourage vice by their "fast" habits and lavish expenditure. It is the irregular lives and these crapulous revels of high-class *viveurs* and adventurers that has created such a general impression among foreigners that Paris is a dishevelled Laïs, the Circe of the golden cup and the scarlet robe, who presides over mid-day dissipations and midnight orgies. The great mass of indigenous Parisians keep aloof from their vices; like Dante among the fallen shades in one of the circles of his *Inferno*, they "look and pass on." The true Parisians are, for the most part, a generous, high-spirited, and noble-hearted people.

A morbid ambition to acquire the notoriety attached to the perpetration of sensational crimes is one of the principal causes of their alarming prevalence. For nearly five months the case of Pranzini, the triple assassin of the Rue Montaigne, occupied almost exclusively the attention of the public—a rare thing in Paris, where even the worst crimes do not excite the proverbial "nine days' wonder." During his trial even ladies of rank vied with each other to secure places in the court. Such was the abnormal interest taken in this wretched criminal that, after his execution, some persons procured portions of his skin, got it tanned, and had their purses and card-cases bound with it, thus encouraging the perverted ambition of vicious youths by proving that the commission of a great crime is the surest road to notoriety. This is further encouraged by the minute details of such crimes given in the newspapers, and by sensational engravings in illustrated publications.

In England the law presumes every person accused of

¹ Sixteen thousand vagrants figure in the police courts of Paris in 1887 as against nine thousand in 1885.

violating it to be innocent until he is proved to be guilty; he is not compelled to make any admission prejudicial to his case, and no questions are allowed to be put to him for that purpose. In France it is quite the contrary. The plan of questioning accused persons by the magistrate (*le juge d'instruction*), allowed by the French Criminal Code, is very inferior to the English system. When arrested the prisoner is confined in a solitary cell, whence he is brought into the private office of the magistrate, who rigorously questions him to extort an admission of his guilt, or to drive him into contradictory replies. It often happens that prisoners confess to being guilty of crimes or offences of which they are innocent, to escape these searching questionings and in order that they may go before their judges in open court. In lieu of the ancient "question" of the rack, the boot, and the thumb-screw, modern legislation has substituted the moral torture of *l'instruction*. It is to be hoped that this practice will be abolished in a measure for reforming the French criminal procedure now under the consideration of the Chamber of Deputies.

The *livre d'or* of the police force of Paris presents a most creditable record of brave and heroic actions on the part of its members. This force numbers about seven thousand men. They are divided into (1) *Agents de sûreté*, who watch over property; (2) *Agents des mœurs*, who exercise a surveillance over houses of ill-fame and haunts of dissipation; (3) *Gardiens de la paix*, whose duty is to preserve order in the streets; and (4) *Agents des jeux*, who keep a vigilant eye on gambling-houses (*tripots*). These are supplemented by an efficient detective force for the maintenance of which two million francs are annually allocated from the Budget. The detectives are very intelligent, and devise clever combinations and comprehensive plans of action to track criminals to all their haunts, or frustrate their projected crimes. The works, the titles of which are prefixed to this article, give many instances of their ingenuity in that line which the space at my disposal will not permit me to quote.¹

¹ For the satisfaction of persons who feel an interest in statistics of crime, I note here those of France for the year 1886, taken from the report of the Minister of Justice, already quoted. Since 1871 the cases tried in courts of summary jurisdiction (*tribunaux correctionnels*), have increased considerably. Between 1871 and 1875 the average number annually of 155,545 had risen between 1876-1880 to 167,229, and to 180,706 between 1881-1885. The number of *récidivistes* judged by the Courts of Assizes in 1882 was 80,818; it amounted to 84,322 in 1883, to 89,169 in 1884, to 91,233 in 1885, and to 92,825 in 1886. This is an increase of 20 per cent. and shows what a fruitful element of crime this class of criminals are in France.

Paris has been at all times the favourite hunting-ground of rogues and impostors of every kind, from the small fry who cheat in low gambling-houses and swindle shopkeepers to the adventurers who start bubble companies and fleece the public on a grand scale; but this latter class has never been so numerous and audacious in the Gallic metropolis as at present. They are Bohemians from all lands, with a keen appetite for amusements of a "fast" kind, and as keen wits to gratify it. They consist of many types, but mostly of *noblesse de contrebande*, like the notorious Baron Meckenheim, or the Comtesse Debrowska in *L'Affaire Clémenceau*, whose titles are as false as their mock jewellery. Many of these form organized bands, conducted by well-educated chiefs, elegantly dressed and of refined manners, who decorate themselves with the riband of the Legion of Honour, move in good society, and prey on the commerce of the capital. A case of the kind made much noise lately. A regular association was formed under the presidency of an Italian named Cavalcanti. It was composed of about fifty members, recruited from all ranks; "shady" men of fashion, some frequenters of good clubs, *employés* in commerce, and even waiters and valets in gambling-houses; all organized so as to play into each other's hands, and obeying implicitly the orders of their chief, who lived luxuriously in a first-class hotel. Conversant with all circles of Parisian society, he directed his associates to persons whom they would be most likely to deceive and plunder. Their principal victims were jewellers, who were induced to accept cheques (which, it is needless to say, were worthless), in payment for their goods. They also received quantities of merchandise on credit, obtained by means of forged recommendations and bonds, and the wares thus confided to them were sold at very low prices to receivers

Coining and forgeries of bank-notes were much more frequent in 1886 than in the two preceding years, having been 80 in the former, and 50 and 55 respectively during the latter. In 1886 there were 13 parricides, 8 poisonings, 234 assassinations, 166 infanticides, 182 cases of arson, while there were 4,397 persons charged with other offences. Of cases tried in the Assize Courts, 2,023 were convicted. There were 36 condemnations to death, but of the condemned only 10 were executed. There were 250 judged by default, 9 of whom were sentenced to capital punishment, and 26 to penal servitude for life. In Paris, robberies and outrages on children had largely increased in 1886, having been 890 and 634 respectively compared with much lower figures in the two previous years. In crimes against the person women were much more numerous than men (women being 53 per cent., and men 37). On the other hand, far more men committed offences against property. Of offences against the person perpetrated by women, two-thirds were for ill-treating children.

of stolen goods. In this way they robbed shopkeepers of about half a million francs.

Some of this class are also very clever in assuming the appearance of clergymen and Sisters of Charity, as well as of official persons, or shop assistants, in order to procure money from the charitably disposed and those who owed money to tradesmen or the State. Numbers gain a precarious livelihood by setting up spurious *bureaux de placement*, by means of which they swindle servants, governesses, &c., by inducing them to give a deposit of a few hundred francs (perhaps all their savings) as "caution money," on the promise of procuring places for them. There is also a large class of fashionably dressed and expert female thieves in Paris, who victimize the monster haberdashery establishments, and who, when detected, plead the infirmity of kleptomania as an excuse for their robberies.

The love of sport, and especially of horse-racing, introduced into France under the last Imperial *régime*, has spread widely among the Parisians, and has contributed largely to swell its contingent of crime. The sporting world of Paris not only comprises persons of high position and unblemished character, but also a far greater number of men who make a regular profession of swindling on the turf. Despite the suppression of "bookmakers," and of some of the abuses which race-courses invariably bring in their train, this passion is steadily demoralizing most of those who yield to it, and makes new victims at every great equine contest, such as the "French Derby" at Chantilly, and *Le Grand Prix* at Longchamps, established by the Comte de Morny in 1863. The French have been wonderfully successful in improving the breed of their horses, but at the expense of the public morals. The amount of money squandered on "the turf" in France is almost incalculable. On race-days Paris is half emptied of its inhabitants. As a consequence, the love of gambling was never so general among the Parisians as at present. Since the open practice of that vice has become illegal, private houses for its surreptitious indulgence have multiplied considerably in Paris. These resorts are frequented by broken-down speculators and criminals of all kinds in the hope of replenishing their purses either by fleecing novices, by cheating, or by some lucky "martingale" at play. The police, it is true, exercise a supervision over these dens, make frequent descents on them, arrest the proprietors, and carry off the stakes and gambling appliances.

Even clubs of good repute, such as "The Jockey," the "Nouveau Cercle," and the "Mirlitons," are not exempt from the intrusion of sheep of suspicious hue among their snowy fleeces. Whenever a player is detected at cheating at such clubs, he is at once hustled out, amidst the hisses even of the valets; but in the regular *tripots*, the blackleg is politely requested to leave, and is allowed to do so without any noise or disturbance, for fear of attracting the attention of the police. High play is carried on even in the *salons* of the leaders of Parisian society, where historic names are sometimes dishonoured by the dishonesty of their owners.

The number of financial swindlers has increased considerably of late in Paris. Types like the Montague Figg of Dickens are numerous even in *la fine fleur* of the Parisian world. They lead Sybarite lives at the expense of their victims, whom they allure with the bait of some plausible project, promising large dividends. Most of them arrive in the Circean city of the Seine with empty pockets but full brains. In a brief time some of these *lançeurs d'affaires* emerge from its vortex, make a conspicuous figure in the fashionable world, drive in splendid equipages, or ride on blood-horses in the "Bois," frequent crack clubs, and decorate with costly jewellery their lady friends. They are mixed up with companies of all sorts; dealing in forged securities, pictures, wines, canals, mines, houses, land, corn, and what not. Many of them live at the rate of two or three hundred thousand francs a year, occupy superbly furnished *hôtels*, adorned with gems of art, give sumptuous entertainments, and smoke cigars of the best brand. But their feverish career is usually of brief duration. Fortunes fraudulently acquired are quickly squandered on sensual enjoyments; and such *escrocs* hasten to enjoy them all the more from the consciousness that they will not possess them long. As the refrain of the old Breton song runs:

Du pain du péché
Le diable moud la farine,
Puis un bouc sur son échine
Le porte au marché.

Embezzlements by bank clerks, and even by bankers *de haute finance*, are very frequent. A striking instance in point is that of Mouvet, ex-manager of La Banque Parisienne, who embezzled in the month of June, last year, the respectable sum of three million francs to the prejudice of

the Bank, to supply the expenses of his recklessly extravagant mode of living. The forged five hundred francs notes of the Bank of France, issued recently in such quantities that they caused a financial panic throughout the Republic, were the work of an organized band of clever men who were enabled to counterfeit the genuine notes skilfully from information furnished them by a faithless *employé* of the Bank, who shared in the profits of the fraud. In a recent case, a youthful cashier in one of the monster drapery establishments of Paris, confessed, when under examination, that he had embezzled about a million francs, not, he gravely declared, as a mere vulgar thief, but to revenge himself on his employer, who, he said, had treated him unjustly. "Thus," he added with a certain sense of humour, "in all the enjoyments which that money procured for me, I had the satisfaction of feeling that it was my employer who paid for them, which gave them an additional zest."

Another source of the sad prevalence of crime in Paris is the law of divorce. Since that law was passed in 1883, not only have the number of divorces been largely increased, but offences against morals have multiplied considerably. According to the official report on the Administration of Justice in France for the year 1886, there were in 1884, just after that law was passed, 1,800 divorces, 4,000 in 1885, and 4,585 in 1886. The number of gross offences against morals, which were only 371 before the passing of the law, rose to 468 in 1884, to 831 in 1885, and to 907 in 1886. As regards the contention of its partisans that this law conduces to effect peace and relief in case of ill-assorted unions, it is refuted by the following candid admission of an extreme anti-clerical journal, the *Echo de Paris*: "Every day a number of divorced wives and husbands give the lie to this pacific theory. There have never been more crimes committed by means of revolvers, knives, and vitriol than since the Naquet law has permitted *un dénouement pacifique* to conjugal dissensions." Of the 4,585 divorces pronounced in 1886, the greater number of those divorced took to themselves other partners.

The amount of crime among the juvenile population of Paris, varying in age from twelve to twenty, is appalling; and what is most shocking in these precocious criminals, is their reckless indifference as to their own lives and those of others. Mere striplings do not scruple to murder a man to get his purse,

and do not hesitate to commit suicide when the Nemesis of the halting foot overtakes them. Most of them are demoralized by frequenting haunts of dissipation such as the *Bal Bullier*, the *Jardin de Paris*, low *café* concerts, and those hot-beds of vice, the *brasseries des femmes*.

But the chief sources of juvenile corruption are an immoral literature, an infidel press, and an indecent drama. It is impossible to estimate the amount of evil wrought by the tainted, realistic literature of the day on young Parisians who are permitted to range at will over works which portray the worst phases of life. These romances are all the more repulsive, as many of them are not redeemed by a spark of wit, and depend for their success solely on coarse descriptions of unbridled passions. Under the pretence of exposing vice, and instilling a moral, their writers enter into minute descriptions of immoral scenes and criminal offences, which they render as seductive as possible by the artifices of an elegant style. These books are direct incitements to crime, by portraying in glowing colours the material enjoyments which wealth can procure in Paris. It was thus that a beardless youth, named Ducret, was led, as he admitted, to assassinate, with revolting deliberation, the wife of M. Fould's coachman, in order to rob her of a trifling sum, although she had been extremely kind to him, his crime having been inspired by reading the *feuilletons* in the daily papers. Works are now largely circulated which exceed in indecency and shameless effrontery even the productions of Feydeau, Champfleury, Théophile Gautier, Paul de Kock, Sue, and Madame George Sand, which spread so much corruption among the youth of the Second Empire.

The increase of naturalistic dramas on the stage is another powerful factor in the diffusion of vice and crime in Paris; and this realism has invaded even the once classic and well-managed theatres, the Français and the Odéon. The theatres of the Palais Royal, Les Buffes, Les Variétés, and especially the Théâtre Libre and the Eden—in which gorgeous scenic effects and indecent ballets are the chief attractions—are invariably crowded. The pieces performed are mere appeals to the passions; the usual "moral" is the spectacle of evil triumphant over good. A criminal named Lecomte, who lately committed an elaborately planned assassination, confessed that the idea of his crime had been suggested to

him by a drama, which had also taught him many stratagems for eluding the pursuit of the police.¹

Another fruitful cause of the demoralization of so many of the Parisian youth is undoubtedly the system of purely secular education adopted by the State. Its object is to substitute the culture of morals and the sentiment of honour for religious training. The rulers of France hope to effect this *enseignement moral et civique*, as it is called, by a course of instruction in which, to quote the words of a writer on educational questions, "intellectual culture, which forms the mind, is united to moral culture, which forms the character." With that object, M. Coutant, one of the directors of the superior primary schools in Paris, has compiled a work styled *Selectas français*, a collection of extracts from the moral and select literature of France, classified in such a manner as to suit the comprehension of young persons of various ages, and advancing from the rudimentary principles of morals to the highest ethical levels. It attempts to teach youth, from the perusal of the best French authors, to think and act as good men and good citizens, while cultivating a taste for literature by placing before them models of style. It aims at instilling sound notions of individual and social morals, of patriotism, and of the family life; of the political institutions of France; of man, his mission, and his duties. Such are the chief divisions of this compilation, each of which is illustrated by appropriate maxims and thoughts, historical references, examples from the lives of great Frenchmen, &c. This is to be the text-book of all the State schools and educational institutions of the Republic.² Plausible and ingenious as this elaborate educational scheme appears, it cannot possibly replace an agency so powerful for good as the Catholic Church. The lessons of history, as well as those of daily experience, prove that an exclusively secular training, however careful and complete, is but a feeble barrier against the assaults of the passions. Believing in no future state, the material enjoyments of this life are, naturally, the sole

¹ I quote here the admission of the criminal in question as given in a police report from a Parisian journal: "Garnier déclara qu'il se nommait Lecomte, et il avoua que l'idée de son crime lui avait été suggérée par la lecture des romans de Gaboriau, dans lesquels il avait longuement étudié le moyen de tromper les recherches de la police."

² There is nothing new in this scheme, which is a revival of that introduced into France, in 1774, by Turgot, when Minister under Louis the Sixteenth, thus laying the foundation of secular education in that country, which has since borne such baneful fruit.

consideration with all who are brought up in free-thinking principles. The restraining and elevating influence of religion once withdrawn, the baser instincts of our nature are sure to gain possession of the soul, save in the case of some exceptional *esprits d'élite*.

When the stem dies, the leaf that grew
Out of its heart must perish too.¹

Let us now turn for a moment from the gloomy picture of the social gangrene eating into the vitals of Parisian society to the antidote provided to grapple with it by the Catholic clergy, sisterhoods, and philanthropists of the capital. Knowing that the best way to purify the stream is to clear the fountain-head, they are working hard to bring children within the influence of religious teaching. With that view, the curés of Paris established five years ago in each of their parishes an *école libre*, or free denominational school. Owing to their exertions, the number of pupils in these schools is yearly increasing, as the official returns prove.² They are supported by voluntary subscription, and collections in their aid are regularly made in all the Catholic churches of Paris. Besides these schools, reformatories, in which religious instruction is imparted, have been established with very beneficial results. In the *maison centrale de jeunes femmes* at Condillac, near Bordeaux, which is administered by the Sœurs de la Sagesse, the most satisfactory results have been obtained by the wise, firm, and gentle treatment of the inmates, who require delicate handling to emancipate them from the thralldom of vicious thoughts and habits. They are employed in making false wrist-bands and collars, the sale of which defrays the expense of their maintenance. It contains about four hundred girls and young women. It is needless to say that the well-known juvenile penitentiary of Metray, which now contains many hundred pupils, has been successful from the outset in effecting the reform of youthful criminals. In the reformatory at Soissons, and in that at Moiselles, near Paris, the boys (about four hundred in number) are well trained and taught to make *articles de Paris*.

¹ W. S. Landor.

² According to the *Bulletin de la Société générale d'éducation et d'enseignement* there were 887,000 pupils in the free schools of France in 1886, when 128,000 fr. were collected in aid of them, while the expenditure was 2,400,000 fr. During the six years they have been in existence nearly eighteen million francs have been expended on them; proving the earnestness with which the movement is taken up in France.

When well-conducted, they are, on leaving the reformatory, entitled to the money procured by their work. The State penitentiary at Porquerolles has also been very successful in procuring situations for the youths under its charge, not only at home, but also in sending many of them to Algiers, Tonquin, and Cochin-China, to form agricultural colonies in these dependencies of France. *L'Assistance Publique* also deserves credit for promoting the deportation and establishment in the colonies of youthful offenders against the law, and for opening night refuges in Paris, which are not only useful in affording temporary relief to the destitute, but are also productive of moral good by sheltering derelict children, who are thus preserved from the danger of wandering about the streets at night. Reforms are also to be effected in the Parisian prisons. Saint-Lazare, in which female prisoners of every class have been hitherto incarcerated, will be henceforth appropriated exclusively to women of notoriously bad character. Young female delinquents will be sent no longer to the police-stations, but to a special division of La Roquette, separated from the ordinary prisoners. Boys will be sent into a special quarter of the same establishment. Moreover, a *Société du Sauvetage de l'Enfance* has been recently established in Paris, which will, no doubt, accomplish as much good as a similar association has already effected in England. As an adjunct to this, another society has been organized, under the patronage of ladies of distinguished social position, to procure employment for criminals who have served their term of imprisonment. As a rule, these do not recur to crime willingly, but are driven to do so by their inability to obtain work, owing to the stigma of imprisonment, which generally precludes them from all chance of earning an honest livelihood. In fine, want being one of the main causes of crime, some benevolent persons have formed an association called *La Bouchée de pain*, to furnish destitute persons with food. Four offices for that purpose now exist in Paris, and they provide a bowl of nourishing soup and an adequate quantity of bread gratuitously to every one whose appearance presents unmistakable evidence of poverty and hunger, on the sole condition of the food being consumed on the spot.

These measures are very satisfactory, and have been efficacious in transmuting evil into good. But the great evil to be combated is the strictly secular education established by the State, and which is all the more dangerous from the alluring

material benefits held out to all who avail themselves of it. It is a significant fact that the remarkable increase in crime among the youth of France is coeval with the adoption of the anti-religious system of instruction. Official reports show that since 1882, the date of the secularization of the State schools, the number of children under sixteen years old accused of crimes in France has risen enormously.

It is, then, a sacred duty incumbent on the Catholics of France to support liberally their *écoles libres*, and thus shield a large portion of her youth from the temptations and perils of a godless education.

B. ARCHDEKAN-CODY.

*The Construction of the Iliad.*¹

THE mystery of the origin of the Homeric poems, and above all of the *Iliad*, is like an oft-trodden path over the rugged mountains. Every step is well-worn, every turn in the road familiar: yet the scenery is always fresh, some point of view that hitherto escaped our notice, some new light on the distant tops, some unwonted feeling of exhilaration, always repays us for the labour of the ascent.

We are not among those who think the Homeric problem insoluble. We believe that modern Homeric criticism has afforded some solid and lasting results, and is even likely to afford more in the future. But we may waive that question. Those who do not care to inquire into the origin of Homer are incapable of being really interested in the poetry that is so named. It is essential to the human mind to ask for the cause of what it cares much about, and so far from a minute investigation of the Homeric controversy drawing the mind away from an appreciation of the beauty of Homer, there is no better proof of such appreciation, nor any surer way of deepening it, than a loving reverent study of the question, "What is Homer, and where and how did it come to exist?"

There exist two opposite or extreme theories of the Homeric poems, which we may call the one-man theory, and the concourse-of-atoms theory. The author of the work which has suggested the present article, unconditionally rejects both these theories, and in this we heartily agree with him. It can be proved almost to demonstration that the *Iliad* contains different strata of composition, which must be due not merely to distinct, but to widely separate, authorship. On the other hand, the pretence of the Wolfian School that Homer is a cento of unconnected lays, fixed together more or less clumsily by the alien hand of a comparatively late compiler is utterly inadequate to account for the facts of the case. For after all

¹ *Ilios et Iliade*. Par le Père Gaston Sortais, S.J. Paris: Emile Bouillon, 1892.

the *Iliad* has its unity—unity both of matter and of style—and a unity that is organic, and not merely superadded. Moreover, the idea that the poem is nothing but a fraud, or at best a literary patchwork, is so injurious and unworthy a suggestion that it is hard to see how it could have been entertained unless indeed as a reaction from the old and unscientific belief in the personal authorship of a single bard, and at a time when Homeric criticism was just springing into existence.

But these statements are only negative, and are made in order to clear the ground for a positive theory of the Homeric work. And what is the theory which will have to lie somewhere between the two extremes we have rejected? It supposes an original nucleus of the *Iliad* which somehow lies enshrined within the present poem, which was of much earlier composition, and presented fairly-well marked characteristics of its own, but which allowed certain later accretions to gather round it, and to mar to some extent its primitive simplicity and unity of design. This theory, which was first propounded by Grote with many clear and striking arguments, has since his time had such a flood of light thrown on it by new investigations, that it may now be said to be the generally received theory, and to have almost passed beyond the stage of hypothesis into that of a demonstrated conclusion.¹ This position is adopted by Père Sortais, and supported by him by many arguments, which carry with them a good deal of conviction, though they might be supplemented by other, and, to our mind, even more forcible considerations. But it is only when he comes to specify more particularly his conception of the primitive form of the *Iliad*, that we find ourselves very imperfectly in accord with him. His theory (which is also that of Croiset), is that the original nucleus was not comprised by a single poem so much as by a series of short poems, or lays—poems, moreover, which had no unity except a *relative* one. That is to say, they were a series of lays pertaining to the common legend of Achilles, but mutually independent, composed for separate recitation, and bound by no intrinsic bond of organic unity. He says :

On doit donc reconnaître tout d'abord une série de chants primitifs, qui traitent les grands scènes de la colère d'Achille. Ils ne sont ni absolument indépendants, ni complètement enchaînés. Que sont-ils donc? Des rhapsodies séparées, formant un tout distinct qui peut

¹ See especially the arguments advanced by Dr. Geddes in his highly original and delightful work, *The Problem of the Homeric Poems*, Macmillan, 1878.

suffire à une récitation, mais en même temps reliées entre elles par le fil de leur commune légende. L'ensemble n'a pas une unité organique, mais logique, loin de constituer un cycle fermé, il forme une série élastique ouverte à des insertions qui peuvent s'y intercaler sans trop de violence ni de tension." (pp. 56, 57.)

Yet these lays are to be considered the production of a single bard, the real Homer of tradition, who is thus thrown back to the beginning of the Homeric period, or the period during which the complete poems, as we now have them, took their rise. This is made clear by the following remarks :

D'ailleurs, l'étonnante persistance de la tradition à maintenir la personnalité d'Homère, à travers les fantaisies nombreuses et contradictoires des huit notices plus ou moins tardives qu'elle lui a consacrées, nous autorise à donner le nom d'Homère à l'auteur primitif de *l'Iliade*, au poète qui imprima une si forte impulsion au grand mouvement poétique, dont il a gardé trop longtemps l'exclusif honneur. (p. 91.)

But what right have we to talk about a personal Homer at all, much less to fix him to one period more than another? Père Sortais replies, "There is tradition." But this is no longer the Homer of tradition, for he did not compose the poems of Homer. No, let us be either sentimental or scientific, but not both at the same time. Science compels us to break up the poems of Homer—let us then boldly acknowledge that Homer is a name, not a person; a tradition, not a reality. We relinquish, it may be sorrowfully, but necessarily, the old-fashioned explanation of a fact. But we have still to find an explanation; and when we come to look for it, we should be better if not hampered by half cast off beliefs, by illusions which the daylight has imperfectly dispelled. We have to call in the principle of Evolution to our aid. Let us then not distrust it, but try honestly and fairly what it can do for us. The poems were not the work of one man, but were a gradual growth—so much is allowed. By all means let us point out, if we can, the stages of their growth, and, by inspection of them, let us force them to disclose to us something of their history. And we need not deny (far from it) a personal, as distinct from a traditional, element in their composition. But we have no right to define it. We have no right at the commencement of our search to assume that there was a Homer, only one Homer, and that he presided over such or such a stage in the growth of the poems or of either of them. If all prejudice is set aside, opinions will still differ as to the antecedent probabilities of the case. We should perhaps

ourselves be prone to depress the personal in favour of the national element—to make the poems the expression of the genius of a race rather than of a few individuals, for (we repeat it) the question of one individual remains no longer debateable. But we are not arguing for any cherished leanings of our own. We merely contend that if Homer, as the author of the poems, is an exploded myth, of those poems we know only what they can tell us about themselves.¹

But if we take what is acknowledged as the primitive part of the *Iliad*—the *Story of Achilles*—does it not present the essential unity of a single poem? We think it does unquestionably. It has, in any case, a striking unity of conception, much more so than the completed *Iliad*. It deals with the fortunes of one particular hero, and of one particular incident in his career. The story may or may not have been broken up into cantos for convenience of recitation—very probably it was, though we ought to bear in mind that for primitive peoples the recitation of an epic took the place of a dramatic performance, and was longer than we could endure without weariness. But granting that the *Story of Achilles* once existed in a separate form (and we should be the first to insist on that statement), we do not see that anything is gained by calling it a series of lays with only *relative* unity. Père Sortais insists indeed on the difficulty we find of dissociating this primitive story from its later accretions, which he thinks is a proof that it did not possess any closer unity than the sort that he calls relative.

This difficulty we of course admit, but we think that it can be explained by the principle of Evolution. If the additions made to the story were of gradual growth, as we contend they may have been, they would naturally tend to obscure the outline of the poem in its earlier form. But there is another point here to which we should attach a higher importance. Is not Père Sortais inclined to exaggerate the difficulty into an impossibility, and that by rejecting, in a most off-hand fashion, our one potent criterion for deciding as to what is the really primitive part of Homer? He says, "Quant aux arguments de lexique, ils nous touchent médiocrement, parce que leur élasticité permet d'en tirer à peu près ce que l'on veut."² That is to say,

¹ Besides, the position of those who, like Dr. Geddes, make Homer the *réducteur* of the completed poems, is quite as plausible as the theory we are combating.

² P. 101, footnote.

because an argument is open to abuse (and Père Sortais elsewhere complains¹ of the Germans for abusing *internal* criteria), we are to debar ourselves from any appeal to it. But it is precisely the *arguments de lexique* which have brought the question of a primitive *Iliad* into the region almost of ascertained fact. If we are ever to escape finally from mere impressions and vague opinions into the region of scientific conclusions, it will be just in proportion as we verify our antecedent probabilities, however strong, by cumulative proofs drawn from language. We mean that while single or sparse instances of a law are to be rigidly rejected, ample inductions drawn from a broad area may be admitted as final evidence whenever they can be obtained. Such results have been arrived at with singular success by Dr. Geddes in the work referred to above, and much similar work may be done by future labourers, while critics, who, like Père Sortais, appeal chiefly to æsthetic susceptibilities, must be prepared to find only a limited acceptance of their theories. But our author does not merely neglect linguistic criticism. He actually traverses it. Because he finds the *Προσβέλα* and the *Δύτρα* contain excellent poetry and that they fall well into his scheme of the Wrath of Achilles and its Effects, he pronounces, in spite of clear evidence² to the contrary, that they belong to the primitive poem. But such a criterion is not only inadequate, it is also positively misleading. We cannot assume that passages are primitive because they are excellent. There is much splendid poetry in the later work. The *Odyssey* is later than the *Iliad* (at least than its earlier parts), but it is not in its way a whit inferior to the more stirring poem. And we may remark in passing that the affinity of the books in question (ix. and xxiv.) to parts of the *Odyssey* is one of the strongest proofs of their comparative lateness.

We must now give some short account of the other topics treated by Père Sortais, which though subordinate to the main hypothesis of the work, are still not without special interest, and are all dealt with in a bright and suggestive manner. We ought perhaps to mention that *Ilios et Iliade* does not aim at being a complete treatment of the problem of the *Iliad*, but is

¹ P. 97.

² Especially in the case of the *Προσβέλα*. See *Introduction to Homer*, R. C. Jebb, p. 162, also Monro, *Homeric Grammar*, p. 339. The mention of Egypt, Pytho, with its temple of Apollo, and probably the use of *Ἑλλὰς* with extended meaning (ll. 447, 478) are among the many indications of lateness.

rather a series of essays on the poem, forming as they do the substance of a course of lectures delivered by the author at St. Mary's College, Canterbury.

These topics are historical and philosophical or æsthetic. Such questions are discussed as the real value of Schliemann's investigations, the nature of the Homeric theology, the origin of the Homeric myths, and the secret of the art of Homer's best style; and they are all discussed with a lucidity and lightness of touch, as well as with a scholarlike sobriety of judgment, which makes the book both entertaining and stimulative of thought. These qualities are clearly the result not merely of a thorough acquaintance with Homeric literature (chiefly, perhaps, with that belonging to the writer's own country), but of a long-standing and intimate familiarity with the text of the poem which he has undertaken to illustrate. The book is evidently a labour of love, and its pages are instinct with enthusiasm, even where they are charged with a sort of analysis which to us is not in itself very acceptable. That analysis may be true enough; we think the greater part of it as true as such things can be; it is saved from frigidity by the terms in which it is conveyed—but we think it generally superfluous. What we want is to feel the unrivalled charm, the majesty of Homer. If we do feel it, what need of a long disquisition on the *Union du Réel et de l'Idéal* in the Homeric style? Or if we do not feel it, is there any hope of our senses being quickened by the most profound and ingenious proofs that they are unduly obtuse? We do not believe it. Perhaps it is the fault of our nationality, and we must plead indulgence on that account. It is the misfortune of many English minds that they cannot rise to the level of French taste in matters of formal literary criticism. We are shockingly incorrect, we prefer Shakespeare without the unities to some other dramatists with them, and we do not like to measure our art, like our Manchester goods, by the yard measure. Hence some of the æsthetic criticism in Père Sortais' work, even where it seems, as criticism, neither unjust nor without a certain ingenuity of its own—it is never vulgar or unreasonable, which is something—is likely to appear to our readers laboured and perhaps impertinent. For instance, Père Sortais apologizes for the interference of the gods in the battles of the *Iliad*, and is sorely exercised to account for the sympathy which we feel aroused in us for the losing or Trojan side in the conflict, particularly

for the unfortunate Priam and his yet more unfortunate daughter-in-law, Andromache. In all this, as in the really clever analysis that is given of the character of Achilles, with his intensity of love and hate, his stern unyielding anger, his almost savage disdain and wonderful lust of blood, softened by many noble touches of poetry, we cannot help feeling a sort of unpleasant incongruity between the subject and the treatment. We are prepared to admit that it argues want of refinement on our part, but the fact remains that judging Homer by any known standards of literary criticism, is to us much the same as computing the *ampères* and *volts* in a roll of thunder, or expressing the flight of a swallow by a mathematical formula. What makes Homer so incomparably attractive is its absolute simplicity. The poetry is not an effort of Art so much as Nature's calm though vivid expression of herself. It is therefore different in kind from all so-called literary productions; it renders hopeless the attempt to bring it into focus with them. It would be a grave injustice to the writer whose work we are considering to imply that he does not realize the distinguishing qualities of the *Iliad*. On the contrary, he draws attention to them,¹ but when he comes to put the art of Homer to the test, the way of doing so, or (perhaps we should say) the very fact of doing so, tends to obscure the distinction which he seeks to emphasize.

We have thus drawn attention, as we felt in duty bound to do, to what seems to us the weak points in *Ilios et Iliade*. We hope our readers will not gather from this that the admiration we expressed for the book was insincere or half-hearted. In Homeric criticism there is room, and will be long room for much difference of opinion, and the differences which we have ventured to express do not prevent our thinking that, if this work represents the sort of instruction imparted at St. Mary's College, that instruction was of a high order and not unworthy of the Society in whose name it was imparted.

¹ P. 42.

Local Option.

The evil ought not to be permitted to grow in order that the police may be called in to repress it. Prevention is not only better than cure, but prevention is a duty ; and cure is a lame and halting attempt to undo an evil which we have wilfully permitted.—*Cardinal Manning.*

WE do not hear so much nowadays of the objection that men cannot be made sober by Act of Parliament, and that we must look elsewhere and to other agencies, if we would find a remedy for the drink evil of our days. Men have come to recognize that that evil will tax all our resources, and to welcome and even demand whatever aid the law reformer may be enabled to afford. Religion, education, the social improvement of the masses, all those are needed ; but we who look to the aid of the State are convinced that so far from clashing with all, or any of them, we, on the contrary, offer them very material aid, in endeavouring to remove the obstacles which have done so much to mar our best efforts in the past. Who has done more by way of moral suasion than Cardinal Manning, and yet the words above quoted, taken from among many similar statements, show what His Eminence thought of the need of legal reform as well. The great apostle of temperance, the centenary of whose birth we celebrated last year, thought likewise ; for on hearing, towards the close of his glorious and useful life, of the formation of the United Kingdom Alliance, an association whose object is the abolition of the drink traffic, he wrote : "With rapture I hail the formation of the United Kingdom Alliance. I laboured for the suppression of intemperance until I sacrificed my health and little property in the glorious cause. The efforts of individuals, however zealous, were not equal to the mighty task. The United Kingdom Alliance strikes at the very root of the evil. I trust in God that the associated efforts of many good and benevolent men, will effectually crush a monster gorged in human gore."¹ This

¹ Letter to the Secretary of the Alliance in 1853.

will be a sufficient reply to an objection which has been already frequently answered, and which occurs to me now only because this is the second occasion in which we have been insisting on the necessity of the reform of our drink laws, and of demanding the aid of State.

There is no reason to disguise the fact, that to many excellent people, and some staunch friends of temperance among them, Local Option is yet a name of ill-sound, something extreme and very unreal, grating harshly on our British ideas of freedom, and totally unsuited to our whole system of jurisprudence; a thing that enthusiasts may dream of, but which statesmen can never reduce to practice. Possibly there may be here a good deal of misunderstanding, a fact which will seem somewhat pardonable if we bear in mind that some of the terms used, by advocates and adversaries alike, are far from having very definite meanings. Controversies "in which neither side understands its own position or that of its opponents" are more likely to be endless than resultful; and we shall therefore, I think, do well in the beginning, to indicate what it is precisely that the Alliance people are looking for, and to define as clearly as may be, Local Option, and certain kindred terms, which we often meet in modern temperance literature. It will serve the same purpose if we direct attention to the Local Option Bills for those countries that are annually introduced in the House of Commons, as well as to some of the Acts in British Colonies and elsewhere, and under which, in this very year of grace, millions of English-speaking people live and thrive.

"Local Control," "Local Option," and "Direct Popular Veto," are the chief among the terms used, and which we must first understand. With the first of those we have little to do; as the words indicate, they have no definite meaning at all, and as such, are very properly eschewed by the members of the Alliance.¹ The words are so vague as to cover local management of any kind; indeed, there seems no reason why our present licensing system may not be included; for it is locally controlled by the licensing justices. But what is generally meant by those who use the word is, that the traffic should be regulated, but not prohibited, and that by elected Boards

¹ As the United Kingdom Alliance is the chief and only association in those countries which aim directly at the reform of our drink laws, we shall in this paper take it as representative.

or by the Town and County Councils. Local Option, as we use the word, has, on the contrary, a very definite meaning; it is that the people of a locality should have the power to prohibit in their midst, the ordinary traffic in intoxicating drink, if they wish so to do; or if they are not prepared for its total prohibition, then that they should have power to regulate it, and to say how many houses should be licensed among them for its sale. In other words it covers both Prohibition, and what may be termed Regulation. Speaking in support of the Welsh Local Option Bill, in the House of Commons last March, Mr. Morley in the following words not alone declared his own adhesion to its principle, but gave us, I think, a fairly accurate definition as well: "He had always held it for certain that when the temperance movement acquired a certain momentum, and as soon as they had adopted a widely-extended franchise, there would be no settlement of the question till they had adopted such a Bill, giving to localities, with proper safeguards, the right to say 'aye' or 'no' to the question whether they would have licensed houses at all, or how many." Years before, Sir W. Harcourt had spoken in similar terms on behalf of the Liberal Government, and quite recently at Newcastle Mr. Gladstone said: "I trust that most of you may witness a thorough and effective reform of the laws connected with the traffic in alcoholic drinks, and that among the conditions of that improvement, you may find a fair and just acknowledgment of the rights of local populations to deal with the question whether there shall or shall not be within their borders any acknowledgment of public-house traffic at all, just as effective as the right that is now possessed, and that is now exercised without exception, to determine that important question by the owners of the soil." I have given those extracts at such length not alone to define our position in the words of those eminent men, but because they will further serve to mark the progress which has already been made, and because they embody or suggest some of the leading arguments in favour of the principle of Local Option. It may seem that Local Option, as defined, was something very definite and unmistakeable. It was soon found, however, that it was not sufficiently so, and that of those who advocated it, all did not mean the same thing. Politicians are proverbially adepts in the use, or rather the abuse of words: *Cor machinationibus tegere, sensum verbis velare*, are the words in which St. Gregory denounced an evil in his time which has

certainly, despite the denunciation, lived on to ours. With many it came to mean little more than local control of any kind. To this there were of course obvious objections. The Boards or elected bodies would sometimes control large districts, in which case each *locality* would not have any practical or effective power of veto; their members would not be chosen on one issue but on several, and so the will of the people on the question of the drink-traffic would never be certain; and finally, even should the Board declare against that traffic, their authority would be denied, and their mandate challenged. Direct Popular Veto was therefore substituted for Local Option. It is simply the right of the people themselves in each parish or other locality—the ratepayers or householders—to prohibit if they so desire; to say “yes” or “no” to the question, “Shall the drink-traffic exist in our midst?” It is therefore less comprehensive but more definite than Local Option: it secures the great principle of prohibition by will of the people; and, what is not the least advantage, it has one only possible meaning out of which it is not in the power of any politician to wriggle.

Readers will have observed that Local Option Bills are introduced year after year in the House of Commons. The English Bill proposes that the ratepayers shall decide on the question of “License” or “No License,” and that if a majority vote against licensing, then that all licenses in the place shall drop on the expiry of the term. The Irish, Welsh, and Scotch Bills are a little different. They propose that (*a*) no further licenses be granted, or (*b*) that the number be reduced at the next sessions (licensing), or (*c*) that on the expiry of present licenses none shall be again issued, until such time as the ratepayers so desire. In Canada by an Act of 1878, a bare majority of the electors can prevent the issue and renewal of licenses, and a great number of cities and counties have exercised their rights by abolishing the drink-traffic.¹ In Victoria since 1876 a majority of voters can prevent new licenses, and similar power is enjoyed in New South Wales, Queensland, and New Zealand.²

¹ There have been some recent changes in Canada, about which it is not necessary to enter into detail.

² “‘British Forms of Local Option’ for this and further information on Local Option Bills in the United Kingdom, and various Local Option Acts in other countries.” (See *Temperance Record*.)

But, it may be asked, Do the people of these countries really desire any such drastic reform of their drink laws? Would they even tolerate what some describe as a new and refined species of coercion? Temperance reformers are the first to acknowledge that no legislation of this kind can outstep public opinion; can they show any expression of a *bona fide* public opinion in favour of the legislation which they advocate? The statements made by some of our public men, and which have been already quoted, will serve in part as a reply; but I may here add a few facts, which will at once indicate the state of public feeling on the subject, and the progress which Local Option has been recently making. And first it may not be generally known that resolutions embodying the principle have been passed in the House of Commons no less than three times—in 1880, 81, and 83. On the last occasion, April 27, 1883, the following resolution was carried by 264 against 177: "That the best interests of the nation urgently require some efficient measures of legislation, by which, in accordance with the resolution already passed and reaffirmed by this House, a legal power of restraining the issue or renewal of licenses for the sale of intoxicating liquors may be placed in the hands of the persons most deeply interested and affected, namely, the inhabitants themselves."

In March of last year, the Welsh Bill, embodying the same principle, was allowed to be read a second time, by a majority of 7; the first time, I believe, that any such Bill reached so advanced a stage. Similar Bills for England, Ireland, and Wales, have been read a first time, and an analysis of their supporters show 27 out of 30 Welsh members, five-sevenths of the Scotch members, and 65 Irish members. The agents of the Alliance have confronted all candidates for Parliament for years past; and during the course of last year—I have not the results of this—they were able to get satisfactory assurances in 3 cases out of 4. Add to this—a still more significant fact—that the principle has been recently accepted as part of the programme of the National Liberal Federation. To test more directly the will of the people themselves, plebiscites have been made in various parts of the kingdom; the results were eminently satisfactory to the temperance associations, which originated them; for they went to demonstrate that the vast majority of the people themselves, no less than their representatives, earnestly desired the right which we claim for them;

that it seemed to them much more like Home Rule than coercion; and that they had learned so bitterly and so long the manifold evils of our present system, they were quite prepared for remedies that might seem drastic, and for reforms that may be radical if only they were effective. The latest of those submitted two questions to every ratepayer in Merionethshire; the first, Are you in favour of giving the ratepayers power to decide the number of licenses to be granted? the second, Are you in favour of prohibition of all licenses for the common sale of intoxicants? To the first the replies were: Yes, 6,476; No, 186; neutral, 312; to the second: Yes, 5,531; No, 661; neutral, 463.¹ Before leaving this point, it may be added that the principle is not at all so novel as many seem to think; if I mistake not, there can be found in our statute-book more than one Act whose principle is identical. The Towns Improvement Act, for instance, gives to the ratepayers of towns, or certain of their number, the right to decide whether or not that Act shall be applied; it is only a few months ago since we had in this very place (Roscrea) a very close and bitter contest with the result, that by a small majority, the Act was not availed of. If we had Local Option, the result might be similar for aught I know; but this is just the point—we want the right to decide on a matter which, as we hold, is the first factor in the improvement of town and country alike. “They were all talking of social reform,” said one of the speakers already quoted, “but he ventured to say that all practical projects of social reform taken together would not do half as much for improving the material prosperity of the country, and the well-being of our countrymen, as the progress of the temperance cause. Yes, and it was because he was persuaded that they could only effectually promote that cause by the present measure, he should vote for its second reading.”²

The advocates of Local Option are quite prepared to show reasons for the faith that is in them. Some of their arguments have already been touched on; others I had occasion to set forth before;³ and there is neither need nor space to refer to them now; on one only which seems naturally to suggest itself, I may add a few words. It relies on the utter and avowed failure of all previous efforts at regulation. If we demand a

¹ *Report of United Kingdom Alliance, 1888—89, p. 58.*

² Mr. Morley, on the second reading of the Welsh Veto Bill.

³ *Dublin Review, April, 1890.*

new departure in legislation, it is only when other and less drastic measures have been tried and found wanting. When men object that the measure we propose is too strong, it is surely a good reply to say that weaker ones have been tried for long and in vain. For centuries we have been passing Licensing Acts beyond number; we have been modifying and amending them as our greater wisdom or experience seemed to guide; we have been taxing the time and the wit of our greatest legislators; the origin of our licensing system is usually fixed so far back as three hundred years ago; but if we go back three times as far we shall even then find an English Cardinal already grappling with the "trade," annulling licenses with the stroke of his pen, and telling the inhabitants of some of your English villages and towns that they should try to exist with only one licensed establishment among them.

What have been the results of all our efforts? That the system—and it would be well for those who object to our proposals to mark the reply—is at this moment well-nigh as unsatisfactory as possible, and that we hear from all sides and from all manner of men, a loud cry, demanding that a remedy speedy and effective must be found. Judge and magistrate join, the vintners themselves speak, as well as Local Optionists; in Manchester the Catholic and Protestant Bishops have been recently meeting influential bodies of their people to devise some practical remedies, while in Limerick the Catholic Bishop has been consulting the local licensing body for the same purpose; only a few days ago Mr. Gladstone wrote that the system was "a discredit and a disgrace to the country," while an American writer adds "that it is impossible for any country to waste its substance as Great Britain does, for strong drink, and not to have legitimate industries greatly paralyzed thereby."¹ One of the most remarkable testimonies of this kind is to be found in a memorial presented a few years ago to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and signed by 940 magistrates. I have quoted it before in a paper which I had the honour of reading before the League of the Cross Convention last year; but it well deserves repetition. They say—and let us remember the speakers are those who are so largely themselves responsible for the evils they deplore: "Notwithstanding the great efforts made from time to time to promote the happiness and prosperity of the people, all such efforts are

¹ Fernald, *Economics of Prohibition*, quoting from *National Temperance Advocate*.

rendered nugatory by 'drink.' . . . It appears to us that there is something radically wrong in the whole system which facilitates such evil. . . . Under the present system of unlimited public-houses the police are powerless to prevent irregularities, and with an improved system they would have no difficulty; excessive drinking would be curtailed, and prosperity would follow. . . . No question can be of more vital import than this. . . . We beg, we entreat that your Excellency will, with the aid of your Council, take this burning question into deepest consideration." They add that there are 17,000 public-houses in Ireland, which they calculate is 13,000 in excess of the number required; and then suggesting a standard of one house for 500 inhabitants, in towns, they append the following examples, to show how far that standard had been exceeded.

	Population.	Public-houses.	No. required.
Ennis	6,300 . . .	100 . . .	13
New Ross	5,000 . . .	106 . . .	10
Millstreet	1,450 . . .	32 . . .	3
Ennistimon	1,350 . . .	25 . . .	3
Miltown Malbay	1,400 . . .	36 . . .	3
Castleisland	800 . . .	51 . . .	2
Kiltimagh	900 . . .	25 . . .	2
Portumna	1,100 . . .	36 . . .	2
Macroom	3,000 . . .	53 . . .	6

Now the standard suggested by the Irish magistrates themselves, 1 house to 500 people, is a very liberal one; twice as liberal, as we shall just see, as that proposed by a statesman¹ who made the whole question the subject of his most careful study, and who made perhaps the most successful and statesmanlike effort ever made in these countries to solve the problem of our licensing system; yet let us apply that standard, liberal as it is, to those figures, and what do we find? That 800 people have 51 public-houses; which means in practice that about three or four hundred of the population support fifty-one public-houses; for it must be remembered that it is only a certain fraction of the population that must be set down as actually frequenting those establishments. That where there should be only 10, there are actually 106; and that where 2 would suffice in the judgment of a thousand Irish licensing justices, those same licensing justices have out of their bounty given us 51. And so of the rest. Similar information for the whole of Ireland will be found in a Return recently published by the

¹ Mr. Bruce, Home Secretary, in his Bill of 1871, accepted by the Government.

House of Commons, at the request of an Irish Member. It gives for each city, borough, and petty sessional division, the population, number of various kinds of licenses and the number per 1,000 of the population; and it is a document that must be replete with interest for those who would understand the anomalous state of our whole licensing system.¹ A few instances from this latter column will serve to show again how liberally we have been dealt with. Clonmel seems to have the honour of heading the list with its 121 public-houses to a 1,000 population; then follow closely Clonmellon, Waterford, and Portumna, with 10 to 1,000. The meaning of those figures will appear if we contrast them with the standards above referred to.

I don't think there is any similar return for England; but there is abundant evidence that its people are in no better state than ourselves; witness for instance the complaint we have recently heard from his Lordship of Salford, that in that township there is a public-house for every four or five hundred men! Nor does the evil stop with the excess in number; the anomalies of the whole system would be sometimes amusing, were they not so deplorable. Early in the present month a letter in *The Times* from an English lady drew attention to the following case. On the occasion of some *fête* in a country district, some publicans applied to the magistrates for licenses for drinking and dancing-booths, for such things are among the most recent developments of our civilization; the magistrates acceded to their application as to number and hours only in part; thereupon the publicans proceeded to the residence of one of their number, who happened not to be on the bench that day; and that gentleman forthwith grants them *all* the licenses they required, and till the time fixed by themselves, 10 o'clock p.m. In a town in Ireland, with which I am acquainted, there are a couple of thousand inhabitants with some fifty licensed houses to supply the wants of thirsty people; some few young men opened a shed in a back yard as a billiard-room and called themselves a club; forthwith and apparently without any difficulty, they procure a license to sell intoxicating drinks every day of the week and all hours of the

¹ *Returns of the Number of Licenses for the Sale of Intoxicating Liquors issued in each City, Municipal Borough, Petty Sessional Division, respectively in Ireland in the year ending December 31, 1889, &c.* Ordered to be printed by the House of Commons, May 23, 1890. Price 2½d.

day; and that without the possibility of police surveillance; for, by a wise provision of the law, those officials dare not cross the sacred portals of "clubs." It is very amusing, but it has a very serious aspect too; for it need hardly be added, that, for those who may come within the reach of its influence, that one such establishment, even though it be a "club," is a greater danger than the fifty other licensed houses taken together.

In the beginning we spoke of education and the help it may give. By all means let it come to our aid; but let it spread some of its light on facts and figures such as those; and on every dark deed and foul spot that mark the record of drink and the drink-traffic among us. Let the doctors tell us of drink and health; and the judges of drink and crime; the former that "alcohol is the most destructive agent we are aware of in this country," and the latter that "if our people were more sober, crime would almost entirely disappear." Let our merchants and traders be taught that there is one trade which goes far to paralyze all other trades, and let our workers learn that in the judgment of their best friends, there is no hope for their social and moral amelioration outside of the temperance movement. Let economists tell us how as our drink bill mounts up by millions a year, the desperate hungry poor of London increase by 20,000 in the same short period; and how as its gin-palaces multiply their number and gorgeous attractions, the slums by which they are surrounded, and which they have begotten, daily sink down, in precisely the same proportion, into deeper depths of squalor and wretchedness; and let the social reformer try to find out for us the precise relation between our drunkenness and drink system, on the one hand, and our modern ubiquitous social problem on the other, with its strikes and demonstrations, its "submerged tenth" and its daily increasing millions of starving "prisoners of poverty." Let the Church tell us of its "leakage" and its causes. Education! let it come by all means. Let us be only educated a little more on those things, and then our drink system cannot long continue to be "a discredit and disgrace to the country."

JAMES HALPIN, C.C.

The New Law of Charitable Bequests.

THE changes in the law of Charitable Bequests afford a striking example of the tinkering manner in which our legal reforms are from time to time effected. The unsatisfactory state of the law has long been felt, and has been the subject of frequent comment; yet only very special and partial amendments have been made. Even the statute of last year, which it is the object of the present paper to explain, is but a half-measure, and by no means a complete cure for the malady which originated in the Act of 1736 and has since been fostered and increased by judicial interpretation.

I.

Before 1888 the subject was regulated by 9 George II. c. 36, commonly known as the Mortmain Act. It was erroneously so called, for it did not touch the question of mortmain, or the vesting of lands in corporations, religious or otherwise, but was confined entirely to the consideration of gifts to charitable uses. It is necessary to recall the provisions of this statute and the drift of the decisions of the Courts of Equity upon it in order to appreciate the changes which have just been made.

The preamble of the Act states that

Whereas gifts or alienations of lands, tenements, or hereditaments in mortmain are prohibited or restrained by Magna Charta, and divers other wholesome laws, as prejudicial to and against the common utility; nevertheless this public mischief has of late greatly increased, by many large and improvident alienations or dispositions made by languishing or dying persons, or by other persons, to uses called charitable uses, to take place after their deaths, to the disherison of their lawful heirs.

For the remedy of these evils it was enacted that no land, or personal property to be laid out in land (other than stocks in the public funds), should be given for the benefit of any charitable uses, otherwise than by deed executed in the presence of two witnesses, twelve months before the death of the grantor, and enrolled in Chancery within six months of its

execution. Or, if the gift were of stock in the public funds to be invested in land, then it was to be transferred six months before the death of the donor. The grant was to be made without any reservation and was to take effect immediately. These provisions were not to apply to purchases for money; or to gifts to the two Universities, their colleges and the Colleges of Eton, Winchester, and Westminster. But with these exceptions all attempts at gifts of land to charities which did not comply with the requirements of the Act were rendered absolutely void. The statute applied not only to land and to money to be laid out in land, but also to what has been called, "impure personalty," that is to say, property which consisted of a charge on land, or "an interest in land."

Moreover the expression, "interest in land," was strained to the utmost by the judges, and was held to include, amongst other things, a bequest of money to arise from the sale of growing crops, and even a mortgage of turnpike tolls. The exaggerated tendency of this line of cases was in some measure checked by the decision of the Court of Appeal in *Attree v. Hawe*,¹ that Debenture Stock in the Midland and Great Northern Railways did not fall within the Act, because the holders had not such an interest in the land of the Company as would entitle them to enter upon it, or in any way to interfere with the ownership or possession.

This, however, was only a partial check, and a good deal of the old judge-made law remained and could not be altered except by the Legislature, so that in 1880 Lord Esher (then Lord Justice Brett) is reported to have said in the Court of Appeal:

I cannot but marvel at the great extent to which the construction of this Mortmain Act has been carried. It seems to me to have been carried much further than the reason of its enactment suggested or authorized, but the construction has been carried to this great length by authorities which are binding upon us, and which we have no right to dispute. Now the authorities seem to me to have gone this length, that although a devise to a charity is in terms of money only, and although the only thing which by that devise will come to that charity is money, yet, if in order to effectuate the devise in favour of that charity, it may be necessary to deal with an interest in land of the testator, the devise is within the Statute of Mortmain.

Moreover the Courts of Equity refused to help a charity out

¹ L.R. 9 Ch. D. 337.

of the difficulty by throwing the debts and non-charitable legacies on such part of the testator's estate as could not be given to charity, so as to set free the pure personalty for the payment in full of the charitable legacies. In legal phrase the Court would not "marshall the assets" in favour of a charity as it did in the case of creditors and legatees generally. Thus if a testator bequeathed to a charity a legacy payable out of a mixed fund consisting of land, and pure and impure personalty, the charity was not entitled to throw the legacy exclusively upon the pure personalty out of which it could legally be paid; the result being that the legacy failed in the proportion which the land and impure personalty bore to the pure personalty. The only safe plan was for the testator himself in his will to direct that his charitable legacies should be paid exclusively out of such part of his personal estate as might lawfully be appropriated to such purposes, and in preference to any other payment thereout.

Then again, as we have seen, the Act prohibited bequests of money to be laid out in land, and this also received the widest possible construction, so that no bequest for a purpose which involved the use of land was allowed to stand unless the testator distinctly pointed to some land already devoted to charity, or directed that no part of his gift should be used in the purchase of land.

2.

By subsequent Acts of Parliament a few more objects were excepted from the Statute of George II., and some of the general provisions of that enactment were modified; but in the main the law remained the same, and with very few amendments was consolidated by the Mortmain and Charitable Uses Act, 1888. No important alteration was made until last year, when the Mortmain and Charitable Uses Act, 1891, became law. It provides that in future the word "land" is to *mean* land (including probably leaseholds), and is no longer to include personal estate however intimately it may be connected with land. It then proceeds to enact that land may be devised by will for any charitable use, provided it be sold within one year of the death of the testator, or such extended period as may be determined by a Judge or by the Charity Commissioners. If the sale has not been completed at the expiration of the appointed time, the land will be sold by order of the Charity Commissioners.

These provisions as to sale are intended to meet the common objection that charity lands are inalienable. Now this idea was never strictly true, although prior to 1853 the alienation of lands vested in trustees for a charity was very unlikely, because a sale might be, and frequently was, impeached years afterwards, on the ground that it was improvident and not in accordance with the best interests of the charity; so that prudent trustees would seldom grant leases or sell without the sanction of the Court of Chancery. The Act 16 and 17 Vic. c. 137, however, established the Charity Commissioners, and gave them power to advise the administrators of charities and to sanction leases, sales, and other dealings with their lands. And although, by an Act passed two years later, sales cannot be made without the consent of these Commissioners, yet there seems to be no tangible difficulty in dealing with charity lands, and sales of them are not infrequent. The new provision then, if not totally unnecessary, is at least very arbitrary and harassing. It will be found in most cases very difficult to arrange and complete a satisfactory sale in a year; so that either the expense of an application to a Judge in Chambers or to the Commissioners for an extension of time will have to be incurred, or else the sacrifice inevitable on a forced sale. It is to be regretted that the suggestion made by the Law Amendment Society's Committee in 1861, that land given to a charity should be sold within seven years, was not adopted. This would have obviated in many instances the trouble and expense of an application for enlargement of time, and would have given more opportunity for an advantageous sale, without in any way rendering the land inalienable.

By the 7th section it is provided that where personal estate is by will directed to be laid out in land for the benefit of a charitable use, it is to be applied for that use as though there had been no direction as to the purchase of land. A Judge, however, or the Charity Commissioners may order the retention of the land devised, or the acquisition of the land proposed by the testator to be purchased, if satisfied that it is required for occupation for the purposes of the charity, and not for investment.

Here again it does not appear that much harm would have been done by allowing land to be acquired or retained, for the purposes of occupation only, without the sanction of a Judge or the Commissioners.

These are the principal provisions of the new Act, and we welcome them, incomplete though they are. We have at any rate heard the last of the languishing testator who, although he could bequeath a million of money to a hospital, even if he thereby left his wife and children on the parish, yet was not allowed to devise one acre of land, or £5 charged on land, although his family and "lawful heirs" were amply provided for!

Yet it is certainly to be regretted that the subject has not now been dealt with in a broader manner. It seems an anomaly that, while devises of land by will are made legal, the old restrictions on gifts *inter vivos* should still continue. The result of this will be that if a man makes a gift of land by deed to a charity with all the formalities required by the Act of 1888, and happens to die within the year, the charity will take nothing, unless the gift has also been made by will.

The most valuable part of the Act is that which corrects the definition of "land" to the exclusion of personal estate which, in legal phraseology, "savours of the realty." This will open out a large field for charitable bequests. Moreover, it has already been suggested by a writer of authority¹ as the foundation for a conveyancing dodge to avoid the inconveniences of the new Act as to sale of land within a year and the jurisdiction of the Charity Commissioners. It is unfortunate that it should be necessary to have recourse to plans for evading an Act of Parliament as soon as it is passed; but we must hope that the flaws in the new law will become evident to all concerned in its workings, and that before long public opinion will be ripe for a far wider measure.

WILLIAM C. MAUDE.

¹ See *New Law of Charitable Bequests*. By Amherst D. Tyssen, D.C.L.

The Scythe and the Sword.

A ROMANCE OF OSGOLDCROSS.

CHAPTER XLI.

OF MY JOURNEY TO LONDON.

I DREW near to my house with many anxious feelings, not knowing what news might be in store for me. We had been so zealously watched during our confinement in the Castle that it had been almost an impossibility to gain any knowledge of what was going on in the outside world. Once during the first few months after my arrest I had received tidings from Dale's Field to the effect that all was well there, and that Ben was seeing to my affairs. But after that I had no more news, for Colonel Cotterel imposed many strict rules upon his captives and would permit no letters to pass either in or out, fearing lest somewhat of a treasonable and dangerous nature should be communicated. Whether they were all well and alive at Dale's Field, or some ailing and perchance dead, I did not know, which uncertainty often caused me many sad and weary thoughts.

It was towards the close of a summer evening when I drew near my house. Nothing seemed changed so far as I could see from a hurried glance round the familiar objects. I thought as I stood at the orchard gate that I had never seen aught so beautiful as this homestead of mine, which my eyes then beheld for the first time for two long years. For the soft light of evening fell upon the house and the red-roofed buildings beyond, and the apple-trees in the orchard were in full bloom, and the great bushy lilacs were loaded with delicate clusters of blossom, and the honeysuckle that grew over the porch was covered with yellow flower. Everything was very still about the house, and I passed through the orchard unobserved and speedily gained the window of my mother's parlour. There I

stole cautiously across the flower-beds and peeped into the room, hoping to see some face that would light up with welcome at the sight of me. But the room was empty, and I stood at the window examining it and marvelling to find that it had changed in nothing since I had last seen it. For there was my mother's chair and table by the broad window-seat, and upon the table lay one of her religious books, and by its side some knitting work that she had evidently laid down on being called away to some household matter. Everything in that room, indeed, was just as it always had been, and it only needed her presence to make the picture spring into real life.

I left the window and went round the corner of the house, intending to enter by the kitchen door. But I had no sooner got round the great bushes of holly with which our walls are surrounded on that side, than I saw a little group immediately before me, at sight of whom I stood still. There was Ben and Lucy and Rose, and they were listening to Jacob Trusty, who was leaning over the low wall of the fold and talking to them very earnestly. My footsteps had made no sound on the soft grass path, and they were unconscious of my presence. I stood for a moment watching them. Jacob was the only one whose face was towards me, and I noticed that he looked old and aged and care-worn. Suddenly he lifted his head and saw me. The girls turned and gave a little cry of wonder and surprise, looking at first as if they did not know me, which would have been no wonder, for I had grown a great beard during my captivity. But Rose suddenly sprang forward with a great cry of "Tis Will!" and in another moment they were all round me, laughing and crying over me and shaking my hand and clapping my back all at once.

"Dear heart!" said Jacob, "I thought I saw a ghost when I lifted up my head and caught sight of thee standing there. No finer sight have I seen this many a day."

"Alas!" said Rose. "You have changed, dear Will, since we last saw you, for you look pale and worn, and oh, so much older!"

"Why," said I, "that is just what I was thinking about all of you, for you all have a sad look that I like not. Yea, even thou, old Ben, lookest more sad than merry. But come, let us inside to my mother and we will forget all our sadness for a time at least."

And I made a move towards the house, leading Rose with me. But Rose laid her hand on my arm as if to stay me, and the others hung back, while Jacob Trusty shook his head.

"Rose," I cried, "what is it? What ails you all? Ben, speak. My mother?"

"Oh!" groaned Ben, "tell him, Rose."

But I knew it already. Something had told me there was sadness and sorrow for me at Dale's Field as I came along the highway in the summer twilight. Something in the sight of the empty parlour went to my heart and confirmed my sense of coming trouble. And now when Ben spoke a great wave of grief rose up in my heart and shut out past and future, so that I only knew that I was suffering as I had suffered that night many years before when my father was shot down before my very eyes.

I sat down on the low wall and covered my face with my hands and said nought. Only I heard the others go away and felt Rose sit by me and place her arm within mine as if she would comfort me, for which comfort I was exceedingly grateful, my heart being like to burst with trouble. And after that she told me very gently that my dear mother had died a month before, after a short illness that occasioned her very little pain, and was now buried by my father's side in Darrington churchyard. So then I knew the worst and rose up to face my great sorrow manfully, only the heart within me was cold and heavy, and would have been empty of ought but grief if it had not been for my dear love, who did all to comfort me that a woman can do.

"'Tis a sad home-coming for you, my poor Will," said Rose, as she stood by me, "and I am afraid that Ben and Jacob have more sad news in store for you."

"They can tell me nought like what I have heard already, I said; "but let us go in, Rose, so that I may hear it and have it over. My heart is full of sorrow to-night, and I should be in a poor way if it were not for you, sweetheart."

But with that she put her hands in mine and lifted up her face to kiss me, so that the love in her eyes gave me some new life, and I went inside with her to hear what bad news Ben had in store for me.

"We have had sore times, Will," said Ben, when the girls had found me something to eat and drink and I was back in

my old place at the head of the long table. "You need not marvel that we all look care-worn and troubled."

"No, marry," said Jacob, who was seated inside the kitchen, comforting himself with a mug of ale. "No, for 'tis indeed a troublous time for honest folk. Such times, such times!"

"What hath happened?" I asked, somehow caring little how great or terrible the news was. It could not be worse than the blow that had already fallen upon me.

"Shall I tell him what hath happened since he was taken away from us, Jacob, or will you?" said Ben.

"Nay," answered Jacob, shaking his white head. "Nay, 'tis too much for me. Say on, Master Benjamin, say on."

So Ben proceeded to tell me of all that had occurred at Dale's Field since the evening, two years before, when the body of troopers fetched me away to the Castle. Soon after that event, said Ben, more troopers appeared at Dale's Field and carried away all the live stock and what grain and wool there was stored about the place, saying that they were levying distress upon my goods in satisfaction of the fine imposed upon me. So thoroughly did they carry out their business that they left nought but three of the horses and certain of the milch-cows, all else in the shape of oxen and sheep being driven away before them, leaving fold and fields as bare as if the land had been tenantless."

"Well," said I, "I cannot help it. We are in strange times and must wait till better come."

"Aye," said Ben, "but that is not all, Will."

"No," said Jacob, "not by a long chalk."

"We might have brought matters round," continued Ben, "if they had left us in peace after that, but the mischief was that they put in another appearance soon after harvest and forced us to thresh the corn, the grain of which they immediately carted away, saying that thy fine was not yet satisfied. Presently they came again and took away many loads of straw, and this they repeated so often that we never knew when to expect them. As to resisting their demands we could not, for they were always a strong force and made much show of arms."

"Nevertheless," said Jacob, "they heard my mind upon the matter more than once."

"Well," continued Ben, "they kept up this continual raid upon thy goods, Will, until very recently, so that they have made the place as barren as a clay-field. We could not get a

little live stock together but that they came and seized it, nor have we had a harvest the fruits of which they have not claimed. Horses, cattle, sheep, all these they have got, nay, indeed, they have had all thy substance since the time they took thee to the Castle. Nevertheless, we did what we could, for whenever Jacob and I got the chance we sold what stock and produce we conveniently could, and hid the money in safety for thee. But it has been a hard time, and we are well-nigh worn out with anxiety and sorrow."

And that I believed, for poor Ben's face was pinched and pale, and the merry look that was always in his eyes even when he was in his doleful moods was now gone, so that I saw the honest fellow had suffered more for me than I was aware of.

"Have patience, Ben," I said, trying to cheer them all, "they will rob me no more, for the Castle is once more in the hands of the King's friends, and these Roundhead knaves will not come cattle-lifting hereabouts yet awhile. Levying distress in satisfaction of my fine, did they say? Marry, the fine was but two hundred pounds, and they must have taken the value of that a dozen times over. However, we will see if there be not some justice left in England yet, for I will have redress if I have to fight for it."

"Aye," said Jacob, approvingly, "justice is a good word. But I fear me there is little of that same justice abroad at present, for 'tis these soldiers that administer everything nowadays. However, we will fight a whole body of Roundhead troopers an' they come here again, reiving and racking. Oh, 'an thou couldst have seen the young bullocks I had fed for market last winter twelvemonth! A plague on fines and levies, say I."

But what was done was done, and we had to content ourselves for that time, being powerless to do anything. Yet it made my heart sad to go round my granaries, and barns, and stables, in which I had always taken such pride, and to find them empty and lifeless. Still it was no use to sit down and lament, and we accordingly set to work to restock the farm and get things into order again. Only I was a much poorer man when all was done than I had ever looked to be.

So now matters were very different to what they had been, and there was such gloom and sadness in our house as I had never known before. For wherever I went and whatever I did I missed my dear mother's presence, and often started to think

I heard her voice calling me as in the old days. Nay, indeed, I could not at first believe that I should never see her again nor hear her speak, and only realized my great loss when I went in at nights from the fields and saw her chair empty. As for her parlour, we left it just as it had been when she was last in it, her book lying on the table with a sprig of faded lilac marking the place where she had last read in it, and by its side the knitting which she had put down never to take up again. And into that room none of us went save when we wished to be alone with our own memories of her. Sometimes Parson Drumbleforth would come along the highway and go into the little room and sit there by himself, thinking, as he told us, of the days when he had sat there with my father and mother, and he would afterwards come out with a great look of calm and peace upon his face and bless us solemnly and go his way homewards. And sometimes Jacob Trusty would go to the little window and peer over his horn spectacles at the book and the knitting still lying on the little table and then go back to his work as if he had seen some holy sight. And indeed I believe he saw more than we did, for he once told me that it seemed to him that when he thus visited the little parlour he could see his old mistress still sitting in her elbow chair reading her book while the bright needles clicked against each other as they went in and out through the wool.

"Yes," he would often say to Rose and Lucy, "ye see, lasses, what a holy and a blessed thing it is to have been a good woman. As for us men, we are rude, and fierce, and stern, and need a good woman to set us an example. Yea, and see what store is set by her, so that her good deeds work after her death."

Now I was very busily engaged during the rest of that summer of 1648 in repairing so far as I could the damage done by the depredations of the Roundheads who had so basely robbed me. Then came the corn harvest, and we made haste to gather and garner our crops, being firmly resolved that when they were once housed nothing but force should despoil us of them. All this time the last siege of Pontefract Castle had been in progress, for the Royalists under Colonel Morrice having seized the Castle and released us who were confined there, were holding out against the Parliamentary troops once more. This third siege continued during the remainder of the summer and into the autumn, by the middle of which season it was rumoured that General Cromwell himself was coming

to aid in forcing a capitulation. When I heard this news I resolved that I would now endeavour to gain some redress for the wrongs put upon me. I had already been to my old friend Lawyer Hook, and had told him all that had happened. But to my story he had given little heed, saying that at present England was under military law, and that Cromwell and his troopers were above all ordinary statutes. Now I believed that General Cromwell was a just and honest man, and I resolved that I would go to him if he came into our parts and tell him how I had been treated by Cotterel and his troopers, for I was not minded to sit down calmly and suffer my serious loss without protest on my part.

It was in November that Cromwell came at the head of his troopers to take part in the siege of Pontefract Castle. Soon after his arrival he took up his quarters at Knottingley, which lieth on the river-side over against Ferrybridge. It was now my time to act, and I accordingly attired myself in my best and rode along the road to his quarters, where I presently found him and was admitted to his presence. He remembered me at once and listened patiently to my complaint, bidding me speak freely to him. So I took heart and told him all my story, confessing that I was willing to pay the fine imposed upon me—though I acknowledged not its justice—but complaining strongly that ten times its value had been taken from me when I could not help myself. Moreover, I said that if he and his friends were anxious to do justice they would give me back my own. To which he answered that it was for justice he and his men were fighting, and that they would rob no man unjustly. Nevertheless, he continued, all must be done in a proper manner. He then counselled me to go to London, where he himself would shortly be, and to there prosecute my claim in due form, promising me that he would do what he could to aid me in securing compensation for what I had been despoiled of, over and above my fine; and that I might travel in safety, he gave me a safe-conduct.

Thus it came about that I made my journey to London at a time when great events were stirring. It was not to my liking to leave home again so soon, but there was Ben to look after my affairs for me, and it was winter, when things are quiet on the land, so I decided to go, and ultimately set out for the capital on the 1st of December, 1648.

CHAPTER XLII.

OF THE SCENE BEFORE WHITEHALL, JANUARY 30, 1649.

I SPENT five days in travelling to London, riding my own horse all the way, and keeping him up to his five-and-thirty miles a day by letting him have his fill of good food and a long night's rest between each stage of the journey. To me this adventure was full of novelty and incident, for I had never been further south than Sheffield, and knew nothing of England outside my own county, save what I had seen in the neighbourhood of the Peak when we went in search of Rose. My eyes therefore had plenty of occupation as I rode along the Great North Road, which busy highway I followed all the way to London, passing through the market-towns of Doncaster, Newark, Peterborough, Huntingdon, and Hatfield, in each of which I saw something worthy of notice. My mind indeed had never any occasion to be idle, for there was always some new object or matter claiming my attention, now a troop of soldiers passing along the road, or a country squire and his family going to their seat, now a company of drovers taking their cattle to Smithfield, and now a cavalier riding along with dejected looks. At the inns where I rested o' nights there was always plenty of company and no lack of conversation, but in this I engaged little, being minded to hold my tongue and let other folk do the talking. Nevertheless, I kept my ears open to what was said, being anxious to know what news was being noised abroad. The talk at all the wayside inns was of the King, men asking all travellers from London what tidings there were of His Majesty and of what it was intended to do with him. Anxious, however, as all men were for news, there were few that ventured on giving their opinions on these great matters, for the army was at that time all powerful, and a man hardly dare speak what was in his mind for fear of being heard by some one who might do him an injury.

It was late in the afternoon of the 6th of December when I came in view of the capital, and passed by the villages of Edgware and Tottenham on my way to Westminster. Then indeed I began to wonder exceedingly at the mightiness of the great city, where everything was new to me. The crowds going in and out along the streets filled me with amazement,

and the great buildings by which I rode made me wonder at their size and appearance. Coming to a halt at the end of the Strand, I was forced to inquire my way to Westminster, where I intended to lodge, and was presently conducted by a boy through Whitehall to a street over against the ancient Abbey, where I found the house of one Master Goodfellow, who had been recommended to me by Parson Drumbleforth. There I dismissed my guide, and having aided my host in stabling my horse, I sat down to my supper in my lodging, feeling very strange in the middle of that great city where I knew no one.

Now this Master Goodfellow with whom I had taken up my lodging, was a verger at the great Abbey of Westminster, and had been recommended to me as a good Royalist by our Vicar, who had known him in times past and had abode with him at the time of his own visit to London in the year 1637. Master Goodfellow was now an ancient man, and looked with much sadness on present events, as he told me while I sat at supper, having begged him to favour me with his company. Presently, being convinced that I was faithful to the King, he began to tell me such news as he had heard during the day.

"'Tis the army," said he, "that rules everything nowadays, Master Dale, so men are finding out. For, look you, the administration of laws is now but an empty show, for these Roundheads do as they please with every ancient institution. You have not heard what they have done to-day?"

"Nay, sir," I answered, "I am but newly arrived, having ridden straight to your door."

"All London is ringing with the news," he said, shaking his head sadly, "and the sober citizens know not what to make of it. For yesterday, Master Dale, the Commons declared for a reconciliation with the King His Majesty, which they had a right to do, being the lawful representatives of the people. But this was not to the liking of the army, and this morning one of its leaders, Colonel Pride, went down to the House with a body of his men and prevented all such members as were displeasing to the army from entering to their duties. Yea, and now men are saying, Master Dale, that the remainder of the members will obey the army in everything."

Thus indeed matters turned out, for within a week the Commons passed a resolution that the King should be brought to justice, and he was removed from Hurst Castle, where the army had had him in safe keeping, to Windsor, where he was

strictly guarded. And after that men were talking at every street corner and in all the alehouses of what would be done with His Majesty.

For the first day or two of my abode in London I did nought but wander about that wonderful city, admiring the strange sights and places of which I had often heard travellers talk. Many a time had I listened to Parson Drumbleforth as he told Jack and me of the great things he had seen in London town, and now that I saw them for myself I was bound to confess that our good Vicar had not made too much of his story. What London is like at this present time I know not, for I have never been near it since that first visit of mine, and after that it was almost consumed in the Great Fire of 1666, but I have very clear memories of how it looked in the year 1649. So many places of historic interest were there to see, that I hardly knew which way to turn when I set out to view the city, but by Master Goodfellow's advice I first inspected the Tower of London, a great and awful place, strongly guarded and surrounded by impregnable walls and deep moats, and with the Thames running at its south side. At this wonderful place I looked many an hour, only turning from it to admire the great bridge across the river, upon which houses and shops were built, and at each end of which stood high, battlemented gates furnished with portcullises. From this bridge too I watched the river, crowded with ships and vessels of all sorts and of all nations. Or passing from that part of London through crooked, narrow streets, enclosed by high wooden houses, I made my way to the great Church of St. Paul, whose roof rose high into the air. Here, too, I was lost in admiration of the famous Cathedral, but I could not avoid thinking that it was not so beautiful as our own York Minster. All round St. Paul's were streets which I was never tired of exploring and wandering in, such as Cheapside and Bread Street, where were many shops and houses of citizens, and inns, over whose doors some sign hung to show that accommodation was there provided for man and beast. For indeed city life was quite new to me, and the contemplation of it afforded me much food for my mind, in which, however, there was always a strong conviction that I much preferred my own homestead and the green fields around it to the crowded and narrow streets of the city.

My admiration did not prevent me from attending to my business, which was to prosecute my claim for compensation

from those who had despoiled me of my goods. On the day following that of my arrival I went under Master Goodfellow's directions to Westminster Hall, where I found as many lawyers as would have made a regiment of foot, and by some of these I was directed to some office where such matters as mine were attended to, and where, according to General Cromwell's instructions, I made a presentation of my case. Now I had thought that I had nought to do but state my grievance and have it redressed, but I speedily found that there were many formalities to go through before an end came. For I was sent from one official to another, and from this office to that, so that I grew well sickened of the whole affair and was minded to return home and forego my claim. But upon reflection I decided that it would be an unmanly thing to let myself be robbed in that way, and I therefore determined to stay and see the matter out. By the time I had arrived at that conclusion, however, it was close on to Christmas, and I was informed that nought could be done for me until the New Year was come. So there I stayed, wanting and yet not liking to go away, and spending my time in walking about London and Westminster seeing such sights as the great city had to show. And I spent my Christmas with Master and Mistress Goodfellow, longing very much on Christmas Day morning for a sight of home and the dear faces I had left there.

Now when the New Year came there were new affairs of State to be adjusted, and these were so important that no man thought of his own business but watched the great drama which was being played out before his very eyes. I could prosecute my own claim no further, for all the answer I got was that it was under consideration, but though I was anxious to return home, my curiosity about such events as were then happening kept me waiting in London. Those events truly were awful in themselves, for each led to the deposition and execution of the King. On the 1st of January the Commons, or rather that portion of them left by Colonel Pride, appointed a new tribunal which they called the High Court of Justice, to try the King's Majesty on a charge of high treason against his subjects. Four days afterwards the same body put forward a declaration declaring that the people of England were, under God, the source of all just power, and that the Commons being the representatives duly elected of

the people, had no need of approval from either the House of Lords or the King. On the 9th, this High Court of Justice was formally constituted and the trial of the King definitely arranged for.

There were many who all this time doubted that the King would really be put upon his trial, for they held that the Sovereign is beyond the law, and that the army after all would shrink from carrying matters to such extremities. But during the next ten days affairs went forward, and on the 20th His Majesty was brought to Whitehall for his trial. Then indeed London was in a state of great excitement, for it was rumoured by some that the King would be put to death, and by others that he would be banished across seas. As for all those who had been true to His Majesty, their hearts were filled with sorrow to think of his sad condition.

On the morning of the 21st of January Master Goodfellow and I rose early and made our way to the entrance of the great hall, where His Majesty was to appear before the men who had constituted themselves his judges. There were great crowds about Westminster and Whitehall, and the Roundhead soldiers were assembled in much force as though to check any demonstration in the King's favour. By dint of hard work and much pushing through the crowds we managed to secure places near to the door by which His Majesty was to enter, and there we abode very uncomfortably for two or three hours, swayed hither and thither by the crowd, the members of which kept up a continual talk and chatter as to what would take place before the judges. As for me I wished I was well out of it, for I was squeezed and shoved against more than I had a mind for. But at last there was a great hush fell over the crowd around us, and a way being made by the troopers, there appeared a small body of guards in whose midst walked the King. And then for the first time I saw His Majesty Charles I., in whose cause I had fought and suffered.

Now there was a perfect stillness as the King came along and the great crowd was motionless, save where some man tried to lift himself high enough to look over the shoulders of those before him. The King held himself very erect and looked into the faces of the crowd with a calm and serene gaze, so that to me he seemed the very picture of a high-born gentleman who knew nought of fear nor asked for favour. Yet there were deep lines upon his face, and his hair was

thickly sprinkled with grey, and his eyes had a look of suffering in them. And so he and his guards went quickly by, and as they passed there were one or two in the crowd, myself included, who said heartily, "God save your Majesty," upon hearing which the King inclined his head in our direction and smiled upon us and entered the hall. We hung about the entrance that day listening to such scraps of news as came from the trial-chamber. First we heard that of the hundred and thirty-five members of the court only sixty-seven were present, and that one of these was General Oliver Cromwell. Then came news that when they called on Fairfax to answer his name his lady answered from the gallery that he was not there and never would be, and that they wronged him to name him. After that we heard that the King, on being called upon to answer the charges brought against him, did deny the authority of that tribunal and refused to plead. Upon that the trial became nought but a formality, for the judges had it all their own way, and finally, on the 27th, they sentenced the King to death.

It was on the morning of the 30th of January that they beheaded the King before Whitehall. We rose before it was light and at once made our way across the gardens and parks lying between Westminster and Whitehall, so that we might come near to the scaffold on which His Majesty was to die. This they had caused to be erected in front of the windows of the banqueting-hall, and the carpenters were busy finishing it when we arrived. There were already great crowds of people gathered together, and when the sun rose it shone on as sad a scene as ever I saw. For there was the palace of Whitehall, its roofs slightly covered with snow and the trees in its gardens and courtyards silvered with frost, and against all this whiteness the black drapery of the scaffold made a dark blot. Then came the soldiers, musketeers, and pikemen, and troopers, stern-faced and resolute, and set themselves to surround the scaffold and to drive the people back from coming too near it. But I and my companion had worked our way into a corner at the foot of the scaffold, and there we were permitted to remain. And after that an hour went by and the scaffold was empty save for the low block that stood in its midst, and the soldiers stood motionless and grim, and the great crowd behind them increased in size until it filled the ground from Charing Cross to Westminster.

At last a window, looking upon the scaffold, was thrown open, and a little group of men stepped out and drew near to the block in the centre. A tall man in dark clothing with a mask over his eyes and nose carried an axe; another similarly attired accompanied him, and with these two were two or three musketeers and an officer who posted themselves at the corners of the scaffold. And then a great and awful silence fell upon the crowd, for the King appeared at the open window and stepped upon the scaffold, followed by the Bishop of London and Colonel Hacker, who had had His Majesty in keeping. The King was calm and confident, and he smiled as he looked up at the sky and let his eye travel across the great multitude where many a head was bared. He removed the jewel from his neck and handed it to the Bishop, to whom he said some last words; then he stretched himself upon the scaffold and the uplifted axe fell swiftly. A deep sigh rose from the great crowd, and there were hundreds around me that uttered sobs and cries.

We were close upon the scaffold. A bright jet of blood spurted across the boards near to me. I raised my kerchief and dipped it in the King's blood, and have it to this day—a memento of that terrible event.

CHAPTER XLIII.

OF TWO STRANGE MEETINGS IN ONE DAY.

IT was about the middle of the afternoon of that eventful day that I set out from my lodging in Westminster and walked by way of Whitehall towards Charing Cross. Whither I was bound or with what aim, I do not now remember; most likely I had neither aim nor definite destination in my mind, but was simply moving about to calm myself, for the scene of the morning had wrought upon me heavily. Whatever most of his friends felt, none of them could exceed me in sympathy for the unfortunate King, and my heart had been further wounded during the morning by an account of his last interview with his two youngest children, which must indeed have been a bitter matter and worse to face than the death which so soon followed. All these matters we had spoken of at Master Goodfellow's, until I could bear no longer to talk of the subject and had gone

forth to walk about the city. I was half-minded to saddle my horse and ride away from London, for it seemed to me, who from my birth had been trained to pray for the King's good estate, that a curse must rest upon the city that had witnessed his murder. But I reflected that I had a duty to perform to myself and my friends, namely, the recovery of my money, and I resolved to stay awhile longer, but made up my mind that if I got no redress within reasonable time I would go home and trouble myself no more in the matter.

It was beginning to grow dark when I came over against Whitehall, where groups of people still lingered about the scene of the King's death. The scaffold had by that time been removed, and there were no traces of the terrible scene of the morning. I was hurrying past the banqueting-house when a man in a cloak came across from the gardens which lie between Whitehall and the river and walked behind me for a short space. Suddenly his steps quickened and he gained upon me and tapped me on the shoulder. I turned quickly to look at him. There was an oil lamp burning close at hand, and by its light I saw that the man was General Cromwell. His hat was drawn down over his face, and his uniform was hidden by a large horseman's cloak, but there was no mistaking him when he lifted his head to look at me.

"Well, farmer," said he, "I knew you, although I could not see your countenance. There are not many Englishmen that stand six feet four. Have you finished the business that brought you hither?"

"No, sir," I answered, and stood watching him and wondering what thoughts ran in the mind of this remarkable man, who in my opinion had been the chief instrument in bringing about the King's death.

"And how is that? For you have been about your business some time, I think?"

"Two months, sir, all but a day. And indeed I cannot waste more time upon it, and must presently return home and suffer the loss of my money rather than hang about in London."

"Softly, farmer, softly. It will do the Commonwealth no good if its citizens suffer loss. As for your fine of two hundred pounds that you must lose, being bound for it by reason of your opposition to the nation's welfare, but you shall have returned all that was taken from you over and above."

"Why, sir," said I, "I am much obliged. You would not have me say that I acknowledge the justice of any fine, for I don't, but I shall certainly be glad to have the value of my stock returned to me. But I have been so sent from one office to another, and from this man to that, that I had grown impatient of the whole matter, not being used to ought but plain yes and no until this time."

"Aye," he said, as if talking to himself, "these lawyers with their quibbles and quips. However,—well, but hast thou heard ought from thy own country of late? Thy friends at Pontefract Castle, Master Dale, still hold out against us. Beware, and join them not when you go home."

"Nay, sir," said I, "there is no cause to join them now. If ever I left my farm it was to fight for the King's Majesty."

He looked at me steadfastly and inclined his head.

"And that cause is now gone? Indeed it is so. Well, man, I respect an honest heart. But come with me a moment."

He laid his hand on my arm and turned me in the direction of a doorway in the side of the palace. He entered and passed along a dark corridor which led to a small courtyard where a picket of soldiers was on duty. From this we passed into a gallery hung with fine pictures such as I had never seen before, and from that through many great apartments richly decorated and looking very vast and magnificent in the dim light, until we paused before a door where stood two pikemen on guard. My companion took a lamp from a table that stood near and advanced to the door, which was thrown open by one of the soldiers.

"Follow me," said Cromwell, and entered the room. I stepped in after him and the man shut the door again.

The apartment was in darkness, and its proportions were so vast that the lamp shed but little light in it. Cromwell advanced to the centre, and setting down the lamp upon a table, beckoned me to draw near. And then I saw that upon the table stood a coffin, covered over with a dark-coloured pall. While I wondered what this meant, my companion turned the pall back and I suddenly started with amazement.

"Sir, sir!" I said. "It is the King!"

For truly it was the body of the dead monarch that lay there in the coffin before me. His face was calm and bore no trace of pain; he seemed indeed to be asleep rather than dead. I

stood bound to the spot with horror, looking from the dead King's face to the man who had brought me there and who was beholding his fallen enemy with impassive countenance.

"Yea," said Cromwell at length. "It is the King. The King that betrayed his great trust. Mark you, Master Dale, what fate is in store for a monarch that opposeth the just demands of his people. Do you know what this day hath done for England and the English nation? It hath made her and them free for ever from tyranny."

"Alas, sir," said I, "I know nought save that he had children that are now weeping his death."

He gave me a swift, deep glance and drew the pall gently back over the dead King's face.

"Yea," he said, "there have been many children weep their father's death of late years, and many fathers that have wept their children's death. Come, let us go."

He took up the lamp and touched the dark pall here and there where it had become disarranged. Then he looked at me curiously.

"Farmer," said he, "you see that we have treated him with all courtesy and respect. What think you, if they had taken off my head outside this morning, and the heads of my companions, would they have given us decent burial? Alack, more like Tyburn and the gibbet and the kites to feed upon us."

I remembered that saying in after-years when Charles II. came back to the kingdom, for then they disinterred Cromwell and his friends and subjected their dead bodies to many foolish and cruel indignities.

We passed out again, and he preceded me through the great halls and apartments until we once more came into the space before Whitehall. There he suddenly turned upon me.

"Get you gone home, Master Dale," he said, almost fiercely. "You are better in the country than in this city. There are more than you that are longing for a quiet life amongst the woods and fields, but the Lord hath appointed them to other work. Get you gone, get you gone, and keep clean hands and a right spirit. As to your business, it shall be done."

Without another word he turned away sharply and disappeared in the direction of Westminster, while I, full of wonder and excitement at what I had heard and seen, went forward to Charing Cross and along the Strand towards St. Paul's. The

streets were thronged with people and every tongue was discussing the event of the day. The Roundhead soldiery were at every street corner, and bodies of troopers rode about as if in readiness for any rising. Here and there in the crowd was to be seen a cavalier, distinguished from those among whom he walked by the difference in his garments and his long hair. Such, however, were suffered to pass in silence and unmolested, for the people seemed in no mood to create disturbances that day.

When I came to Ludgate, I was somewhat faint and weary with the excitement I had passed through, and I turned into the inn which has for its sign a holly bush, and called for ale wherewith to refresh myself. In the parlour of the inn there was gathered a numerous company of men, most of them shopkeepers from the surrounding streets, who had come there to drink their glass and smoke their pipe of tobacco. Amongst them I took my seat and listened to the conversation, which ran entirely on the King's execution. When I entered the whole attention of the company was being given to two men who were arguing the matter with great heat, the one being a tall, dark-visaged person of grave air, and the other a little stout man with a very red face and quick manners.

"But I say," said the little man, "that the King's execution was illegal; yea, and care not who hears me, for 'tis well known I have ever been on the side of the Parliament and am, moreover, a freeman of the City and have a right to say what I think. Yea, I say 'twas against the liberties of the people, and that I will uphold for ever."

"But thy arguments, dear sir, thy arguments," said the tall man.

"Marry, here they are. As the law stands 'tis the Commons that rule England, which is just law, for as I say, away with Princes and Lords and let the people have their rights. But if the Commons are to rule it must be by a majority of the members. Yea, but what does Colonel Pride do but shut out all such as were unfriendly to the plans made by those in command of the army, so that the remaining members were as wax in the army's hands."

"And rightly," said the tall man, "for the army hath saved England and could not stand by to see the Commons peril the people's salvation."

"Aye, now there I am with you," said the little man. "Yea,

I am for the army, but what I say is that while the matter was right, it was, as a nice point of law, illegal."

At this there was a shout of laughter, and the dark-faced man smiled in spite of his gravity.

"Ah, Master Truelove," said he, "I see thou art nought but a stickler for fine points. Thou knowest well enow that we must look to greater issues at a time like this, and not stop hair-splitting until opportunities are lost."

"That is right enough, neighbour," said the little man, not to be beaten out of his argument; "but then, as I say, the matter is—hallo, friend, thou seemest to be in some haste."

It was I who interrupted him. I had suddenly leaped to my feet and my hurried movement upset the tankard at his side. He looked at me with a half-angry, half-curious expression, but I had no time to explain matters to him, and with a hasty expression of regret, I strode across the room and out at the door, where but a minute sooner I had seen the face of Dennis Watson.

That it was he I had no doubt. I was looking towards the door of the parlour, listening to the talk of the little stout man, when I saw Dennis's head and shoulders appear round the door-post. He looked cautiously into the room as if in search of some one. His eyes travelled round the company until they met mine; then he gave me one swift glance and drew back his head and vanished.

I was out of the room and in the passage that led to it almost as soon as he disappeared. He was gone, but a serving-wench, bearing a trencher full of tankards, was coming from a room further away, and towards her I darted impetuously. She gave a little scream as she saw me advancing so hastily upon her.

"Nay," said I, "there is nought to be frightened of. Hast seen a man leave this passage just now?"

"A tall young man, master, with black hair?"

"Yes, yes," I cried. "Which way has he gone, girl—tell me, quick!"

"He went through yon door," she answered, pointing to a door at the end of the passage. "Follow the lane—it will take you to the river."

I had opened the door before she finished speaking, and running into the night, found myself at the head of a long, narrow lane enclosed by houses on either side, the walls of

which were so near together that I could have touched them easily by stretching out my arms. At the far end of this lane hung a lamp, the feeble rays of which shed but a small light on the stones beneath it. All the rest of the lane was dark and I could see nought of my quarry, but I heard his feet running swiftly along the pavement and immediately set off after him. Presently I saw him cross the narrow patch of light underneath the lamp, and I gave a shout and went forward at a greater speed. In another instant I too had reached the lamp. As I darted into the glare of it, I heard the crack of a pistol and felt a bullet whizz past my ear. I gave a fiercer shout at that and redoubled my speed, and as I ran I heard my enemy's feet sounding before me. The lane was very dark after that, but I ran on and presently came out on a little wharf alongside the river. There was a lamp burning there, but I could see nought of Dennis, till a gentle splash of the water drew my attention to the river, and then I saw that he had leaped into a boat and was rowing away into the darkness.

Now I could neither swim nor row, and had never been in a boat in my life, so that I stood on the edge of the water cursing my ill-luck, while my enemy was rapidly disappearing. But as fortune would have it, there just then came along a stout fellow, who catching sight of me, made up to my side and asked me if I wanted taking across to Southwark.

"Nay," said I, "but do you see yonder boat—there, just getting out of sight? Follow that and land me where the man who is in it lands, and I will pay you well."

"Jump in here then, master," said he. "There is no better boat than mine on Thames side nor a stouter pair of arms. Do you keep t'other boat in sight and I'll engage to catch her up."

So we shot out into the darkness, and I strained my eyes to keep sight of Dennis, urging my boatman to row hard and promising him a liberal reward if he did not allow the other boat to get away from us. For my heart was all afire by that time, and I was resolved that my enemy should not escape me. He was armed and I was not, for I had nought upon me but a stout oak staff which I had carried with me everywhere in London, but much as this placed me at a disadvantage with him, I was determined that I should settle with him once and for all.

"Are you a sheriff's man, master?" asked the boatman presently, as he strained and tugged at the oars.

"No friend," I answered. "I am nobody's man. Yonder man is my enemy and he hath done me bitter wrongs, to avenge which I have been seeking him this long time. So pull hard, friend, and do not let him escape me."

"He shall not escape Tom Drewitt," said the man. "Not if he pulled like two men. Do you still see him, master?"

"Yes," I cried. "We are gaining on him. He is altering his course—more to the left."

"He is making for London Bridge, master," said the man, swinging his boat round to the north bank of the river. "Make your mind easy, we shall reach the stairs as soon as he."

So we went along the dark river, in and out between the craft that lay at rest there, but never once did my eyes leave the boat in front, upon which we were steadily gaining.

CHAPTER XLIV.

OF THE FATE OF DENNIS WATSON.

So strongly did Dennis row that he reached the stairs on the north bank of the river close upon the head of the bridge, while we were yet some four boats' length away. He leaped from his boat and was at the head of the stair before we reached the foot, and so he disappeared through an archway that gave access to the bridge.

"Quick, friend!" I cried, as I saw my enemy getting beyond my reach. "If he is once out of sight I shall never find him in this great city."

"He is not escaped yet, master," said the boatman. "He cannot pass the north gate without being observed, and if he turns t'other way you can follow him."

He bent himself earnestly to the oars as he spoke, and in another instant the boat grated against the slimy steps over which the water was lapping dismally. I was fumbling for my purse when the man followed me from the boat and hooked his craft to a ring in the wall close by.

"Run on, master," said he. "Lord love you, I am all for a bit of adventure myself, and will help you with this matter. Up the stairs and through the archway."

We ran to the head of the steps, and turning through a deep

arch in the great wall found ourselves on the bridge immediately beneath the north gate. The keeper had already closed the portcullis and was seated in his lodge half asleep.

"Rouse him up," said the boatman. "Hallo, Master Grice, are you already slumbering? Come, has a man passed through the lodge just now?"

"Not this half-hour," answered the keeper, "neither north nor south."

"What, man, bethink thee! One ran through the archway from the river steps but this moment."

"Then a turned towards Southwark end," said the keeper, and laid his head back against the hood of his chair, "a came not through my lodge, Tom Drewitt."

"Come," said the waterman. "We waste time there, master. Let us go down the bridge."

We left the lodge and walked quickly away in the direction of the south gate, looking hither and thither as we passed between the houses for some sign of the man we sought. The bridge was but badly lighted and there were few people on it, for a light snow had begun to fall and the cold air was keen and biting.

"He will probably have turned into one of these houses," said I, by that time despairing of seeing him again.

"May be so, master," said the boatman, "but 'tis my opinion that he will have made for the other end of the bridge. Let us get down to the gate as sharply as we can. But stay, let us use some little craft in our design. Do you, master, walk first and make straight for t'other gate, and I will come after at a few paces' distance."

In this way we pressed forward, I going first, grasping my staff and looking narrowly into every nook and corner as I passed. I felt sure that we had lost Dennis, for the doors of several shops and houses stood open and there was nought easier than for him to run inside one of them and hide himself until we had gone by. It was impossible for us to search every house, but even if we had done so the buildings were so full of holes and corners that our man might have hid in one room while we were seeking him in another. Great wooden houses they were on that bridge, with high gables that projected over the roadway beneath, so that the eaves formed a sort of shelter and kept rain and snow from those who walked beneath them.

I had reached the centre of the bridge and was beginning

to redouble my pace when a shout from the boatman brought me to a halt. As I turned he ran up, pointing to the door of a tavern which stood open on our right hand.

"He came out from there as you passed," said the man, "and when I shouted he ran across the bridge and into yon door," pointing to a house opposite the inn. "So now, master, we have him caged."

"Will he escape at the back?" I said.

"Not unless he goes into the river," answered the boatman. "Come, we have him now. He has closed the door behind him, but we will soon remedy that."

Saying this he advanced to the house in which Dennis had taken refuge, and began to knock loudly at the door, to which there presently came an old man, who opened it and looked fretfully out at us.

"What do you beat my door so violently for?" asked he, regarding us with anything but favourable glances.

"We are sorry to disturb you, master," said I, "but there is a man run into your house just now whom we are in pursuit of, so we will thank you to let us search for him."

When I said that the old man looked at us more suspiciously than ever, and shook his head as if he had no trust in our tale.

"There is no man run into my house," said he, and made as if he would shut the door in our faces. But the boatman, not to be outdone, placed his foot within the threshold and began to push his way in. Now at this the old man set up a violent clamour, calling for help, and shouting to those near at hand that thieves were breaking into his house, so that we presently found ourselves in the centre of a crowd every member of which was asking at the same time what all the uproar was about.

"Friends," said I, trying to quieten the old man, who was still calling out that we were thieves and designed to rob him, "we are peaceable men enough and have no intention of robbing anybody. We are in pursuit of a man who must be punished for his misdeeds, and we followed him upon the bridge here and have traced him to this house, into the open door of which he ran but a few minutes ago. Because we want to search for him this ancient gentleman calls us thieves."

"What hath the man done?" asked several near me.

"As much wickedness as half a dozen ordinary men, sir," said I, "and hath robbed his own father into the bargain."

"Give the rogue no quarter," said a great, burly man.

"Come, let them in, Master Bradley, 'tis poor work standing against justice. What man! they will do thy house no harm."

"I saw no man run into my house," said the old gentleman. "If any man entered he hath run up the stairs."

"Let us turn him out of his hole," said the big man. "Keep an eye on the windows some of you, lest he escape that way. Robbed his father, quotha! Alack, a rope is too good for such."

We pressed forward and entered the house and ran up the stairs, some going into one room and some into another, while the old man toiled behind us wringing his hands and begging us not to harm his goods. But in none of the sleeping-chambers, nor in any nook or corner on the stairs could we find a trace of Dennis. I made my way to the windows overlooking the river and pushing the casement open looked out. Underneath me at a great distance lay the water, splashing and lapping the piles of the bridge, with here and there a faint gleam of light reflected from the lamps which gleamed through the windows of the houses. There was no way by which he could have escaped in the rear of the house. We turned to the last flight of stairs which seemed to lead into the roof of the house, and terminated in a trap-door. Up these we pushed, only to find the trap closed and evidently barred from above.

"I warrant me he hath run up here and bolted down the trap-door," said the burly citizen, who was blowing and panting at my side. "He thinketh to escape by the roofs no doubt. He—God's mercy, what voice is that?"

A great shout came up to us from the people who had gathered on the bridge below.

"They see something," said the boatman. "To the windows!"

We scrambled down the ladder, and running to the window which looked upon the bridge, threw it open and pushed out our heads. Then we saw that the road beneath was full of people and that they were all looking up to the roof of the house opposite that which we had entered, where stood Dennis Watson, who had evidently leaped across the gulf that yawned between, and was now bracing himself for a climb along the tiles on the other side.

"Ah!" said the boatman, "I see what he is after, master. He is making for the rear of the tavern, where there is a stair which leads to the river. There are always boats fastened to the pier underneath the tavern, and he will start down the stair and escape in one."

And with that he ran down to the bridge and made for the inn, while I and the men that had followed us in remained at the window watching my enemy's movements. He was climbing along the roof of the opposite house with very careful steps, for the tiles and the woodwork were slippery with snow, and the roof sloped dangerously. Presently he came to a part where there was nought to hold by, and rose to his feet and balanced himself on the uncertain edge of the roof. When I saw him in this perilous position I was minded to shout to him to return and meet me in fair fight, for I had no wish to see him dash himself to pieces. But before I could open my lips there was a sudden gust of icy wind blew down the river and caused him to stagger. His foot seemed to slip on the snow-covered roof; he made a great effort to recover his balance; then he slipped further and further, and finally fell over the edge of the gable and came to the bridge beneath with a heavy sound that turned me sick.

"He hath escaped you, master," said the big man at my side. "He is gone where you cannot catch him."

We hurried down the stairs and found a crowd surrounding the body. Dennis Watson was dead enough, for he had fallen some fifty feet and lighted upon his head. Bitterly as he had wronged me and mine, I could not avoid feeling sorry for him as I saw him lying there with the folks pushing their way through the crowd to stare at him. But there was little time for feelings of that sort, for the watch had now appeared upon the scene, and when they had removed the dead man's body I was forced to go with them and say what I knew about him, upon which business I was detained some time and did meanwhile learn some particulars concerning Dennis Watson's history since the time of his flight from our neighbourhood. For it seemed that the people of the inn to which his body was carried were somewhat acquainted with him, and reported that when he first used to come to their house he was gaily dressed and did make much show of money and led a dissolute life, but that of late he had lived a precarious existence and had been suspected of being concerned in the doings of a band of thieves who infested the riverside. From which news I gathered that the money he had stolen from his father had done Dennis Watson no good, and that he had been amply punished for that and all his other misdeeds. Now they found no money on his body and were for burying him like a pauper, but I did not

like to think that the son of a Yorkshire yeoman should have no better burial than what is given to a dog, and I accordingly paid for his grave myself and saw him decently interred, having no quarrel with him now that he was dead.

I was busied with these matters during the next two days, but on the 2nd of February, being the third day after the King's execution, I said farewell to Master Goodfellow and his wife and set forth upon my journey homeward, being well satisfied to depart from London, which great city I admired vastly but had no very pleasant memories of. You may be sure that I was glad enough at the thought of seeing Dale's Field and my dear love again, and as I rode along the road I made up my mind that we would waste no more time, but call Parson Drumbleforth's services into requisition and be married out of hand. And that done I would leave my home no more, neither for King nor Commons, but would attend to my business and find my pleasure in my own land and my own house as a yeoman should. For by that time I had had enough of war and turmoil and of adventures here and there, and it seemed to me that there was nought like a quiet life. And therewith I fell a meditating on what General Cromwell had said to me about there being other folk than myself that did desire to live peaceably on their farms but were called to other things, and I decided that such were more to be pitied than envied.

I spent the first night of my homeward journey at Hitchin and went forward the next day to Huntingdon, where I slept the second night, and until this point I met with no adventure worth recording. As for the talk at the inns, it was of nought but the King's death, respecting which every man was willing to converse, but few to venture an opinion. I said nought on the matter, being anxious to escape questions which would certainly have been showered upon me if I had admitted that I was present at the scene before Whitehall. That scene indeed was never out of my mind, and I dreamed of it more than once during the next few weeks after His Majesty's death.

On the third day of my journey, when I was drawing near to Peterborough, I saw before me on the roadside the figure of a man who lay stretched out on the bank as if he were ill or dead, while his horse stood near him cropping the grass. It was a cold, raw afternoon, and I immediately concluded that the man had fallen from his horse and was now insensible, or he would never lay there in such peril of his life. So I rode

up to him and dismounting bent down to see what it was that hailed him. There was something familiar in his countenance, but I took little heed of it at the moment, for the man was insensible and blue with cold, and looked deathlike to my mind. Now I had in my saddle-bag a small flask of strong waters which Mistress Goodfellow had pressed upon me, and I immediately produced this and poured a little of its contents between the man's lips. At first there seemed to be no effect, but presently he sighed deeply and opened his eyes somewhat, so that I redoubled my exertions and strove hard to bring him to. While I was thus engaged I had leisure to study his face, and then I saw that he was the man who had knocked at the door of the wayside inn between Aberford and Castleford and had manifested such uneasy symptoms at sight of me.

In a few minutes the man opened his eyes and looked at me. The light was already failing, but it was sufficiently strong to allow of his recognizing me, and again I saw the horrified look come into his face which I had first seen when I opened John Sanderson's door to him that morning after my release from the Parliamentarian's camp before York. It was a look of such fear as I never saw on any other man's face, and was all the worse to me because I did not understand it.

"Come, master," said I, "there is no need to look so frightened, I am neither thief nor cut-throat, and desire nought but your good. Have you fallen from your horse that you lie here like this?"

"Aye," said he, faintly. "I am ill, dying, sir, I think, this three days. Ride on, good sir, and leave me."

"Nay, friend," I answered, "I shall not leave you till you are in some safe hands. Come, we are but a mile or two out of Peterborough, so let me help you to your horse and I will walk by your side till we reach the town."

And therewith I raised him up and made him take another draw of the strong waters, and so got him to his horse at last and walked by his side to support him, leading my own horse by the bridle. In this way we went forward to Peterborough, the man now and then groaning with pain, and at times looking at me with the same look of fear in his face which had come there as soon as he opened his eyes and saw me bending over him.

Reviews.

I.—THE HISTORY OF THE POPES.¹

THE importance of Dr. Pastor's *History of the Popes from the close of the Middle Ages* made an English translation most desirable, and great satisfaction was felt as soon as it became known that one was in preparation. It is now in the reader's hands, and cannot fail to meet with general approval. Good translation is always a difficult task, especially when the book to be translated is as large as this and requires the co-operation of many hands under the superintendence of a reviser. Father Antrobus and his assistants are to be congratulated on the success they have achieved. That the English is in good, clear, idiomatic style, and betrays no traces of being a version, will be manifest to every reader, but we have taken the pains to compare it with the original, and can testify that the work has been done in a thoroughly scholarlike manner.

The character of Dr. Pastor's project has already been explained in THE MONTH, but we may take the present occasion to recall it once more to mind. The project is comprehensive, as the title indicates. We are promised a history of the Papacy from the commencement of the Renaissance period right up to modern times. The author, in his Preface, speaks of four epochs: the Renaissance, the Great Disruption from the Western Church (that is, the Reformation), the Catholic Restoration, the Modern Revolution. At present two volumes on the first of these epochs have issued from the author's hand, and another dealing with the same epoch is announced as to come. This gives an idea of the vastness of the undertaking. It is also very thorough. Dr. Pastor stands in the first rank of

¹ *The History of the Popes from the close of the Renaissance.* From the German of Dr. Ludwig Pastor. Edited by F. L. Antrobus, of the Oratory. Two vols. London: John Hodges.

Geschichte der Päpste seit dem Ausgang des Mittelalters. Von Dr. Ludwig Pastor. Erstee Bande. Zweite, vielfach umgearbeitete und vermehrte, Auflage. Freiburg: Herder'sche Verlagshandlung.

historical inquirers. His research has been immense, as appears from the *apparatus criticus* at the commencement, and still more from the number of the asterisks in the footnotes, these indicating that the MSS. to which they refer have never yet been published. The labour of searching out and digesting all these documents in the Secret Archives of the Vatican, and in other public and private libraries at Rome, in Italian cities, as also in Germany and France, extended over years, and must have been enormous. It has had also the effect of giving to the work a character which for the present is unique. Previous writers, such as Ranke and Creighton, writing before the opening by the present Pope of the Secret Archives of the Vatican, had not access to the materials which Dr. Pastor has made such use of, and which prove to be indispensable for a right estimate of the events recorded.

The English translators give us in two volumes the contents of the first of the two volumes already published in the original. More is promised if the sale of the present instalment is successful, as we trust it will be, and as it thoroughly deserves to be, for no historical library, and certainly no Catholic library, should be without it.

It is impossible even to summarize, still less criticize, in the short space at our disposal, but we may say that the two English volumes open with summary chapters on the character of the Renaissance movement, on the Avignon Popes, and on the Great Schism. Then commences the substance of the work, which in the present instalment embraces the reigns of Martin V., Eugenius IV., Nicolas V., and Calixtus III. Perhaps we should even count the portion devoted to the first two of these four Popes as introduction. It was with Nicolas V. that the Renaissance mounted the Papal throne, and it is with this Pontiff that Dr. Pastor enters on his more complete treatment.

It would be superfluous to insist on the delicacy of this subject-matter. The human element in the Popes was brought out copiously and conspicuously by the Renaissance movement, following as it did so closely on the disorganization caused by the sojourn at Avignon and the subsequent schism. But the Divine element was also strikingly manifest. What is needed in the historian is an impartiality which will ensure the facts being recorded and estimated in all sincerity, and a gift of insight capable of assigning the true interpretation to the policy and conduct of the Popes. Men like Ranke and Creighton

have the first of these two qualifications, and have done their best to attain to the second. But Dr. Pastor, whilst their equal in candour, surpasses them by the fulness of insight which belongs to him as a thorough Catholic. Hence, whilst quite outspoken on the faults and, alas! in a few cases, on the vices of the Popes, he is able to do them more real justice by bringing into prominence the true character of their aims and endeavours.

Together with the English translation, we have to announce the Second Edition, revised and enlarged, of the first (German) volume. Since 1885, when the First Edition was published, the author has discovered many more documents previously unknown. These underlie the new edition, but are not printed in the Appendix, in order to keep down the bulk. One, however, is printed in full on account of its importance—a letter written by Cardinal Robert of Geneva, afterwards the Antipope, Clement VII., to the Emperor Charles IV. This letter is from Rome, and dated April 14, 1378. That is to say, it was written just after the election of Urban VI. The Great Schism originated in the pretext, on the part of the Cardinals hostile to Urban, that this Pope's election was invalid, having been made under terrorism. On that basis, the writer of the letter was elected under the title of Clement VII. Yet here we have him, at the crucial moment, declaring that the election of Urban was unanimous, and implying it had his own distinct personal approval. The importance of such a document cannot be over-estimated.

2.—PAMPHLETS AND BOOKS ON THE SOCIAL QUESTION.¹

The editors of the *Stimmen aus Maria-Laach* at the earnest request of the General Meeting of German Catholics at Coblenz, have begun to reprint a selection of the valuable articles on social questions that have appeared from time to time in their magazine. Two numbers of this series of reprints have already been published and fully justify the expectation

¹ *Die sociale Frage beleuchtet durch die Stimmen aus Maria-Laach. I. Die Arbeiterfrage und die Christlich-ethischen Socialprincipien*, von Theodor Meyer, S.J. II. *Arbeitsvertrag und Strike*, von Aug. Lehmkuhl. Freiburg im Breisgau: Herder, 1891.

L'Eglise et la Question Sociale, étude sur l'Encyclique "De la condition des ouvriers." Par le R. P. G. de Pascal, docteur en théologie. Paris: Lethielleux, 1891.

that the series will provide us with an arsenal of weapons for the controversies of the present day. The first number by Father Theodore Meyer is nearly twenty years old, and might seem somewhat out of date. But if we may be allowed the paradox, it is more in date now than when it was written, in the sense that people in England as well as in Germany are much more disposed now to listen to a statement of Christian first principles of politics and economics, than they were then, and no longer denounce, as they did then, the elementary truths of sound social science as "ultramontane" or "Jesuitical." Father Meyer sets forth these truths in eight chapters on the position of man and the condition of his material existence, on society, on family life, on servants, on property, and on inheritance; and the reader is assisted by the insertion in large type of fifteen propositions, of which we will give the eleventh and fourteenth as specimens.

As the family is the natural starting-point of social development, so also the promotion or restoration of sound family life is essential for the real cure of social maladies.

Private property as a social institution has its original foundation neither in human agreement nor human law, but in the same natural ground as society itself, growing up in organic union with it.

To make this clearer we ought to add a previous proposition, the fifth:

Man, through the nature he has received and therefore through God's ordinance, requires to live and work in society: orderly social life on a moral and religious foundation is a requisite of the natural law, and has been renewed and sanctified by Christianity.

Those familiar with the recent Encyclical on the Labour Question will find much of Father Meyer's book a commentary by anticipation: the absolute need of a religious foundation for politics and economics, the intimate connection of private property with family life, the assertion of the independence and importance of the family, the preservation of the golden mean between the *laissez-faire* of the followers of Adam Smith and the State-worship of the followers of Hegel, all this is to be found in this excellent little volume; and we see plainly how, with the banishment of Christianity from the domain of politics and economics, and the rule of rationalism in its place, there follows inevitably the bitter conflict of classes, and a dangerous social question, such as is now the terror of German

statesmen. Had they listened to Father Meyer nineteen years ago, instead of casting him and his companions out of the German Empire as a danger to it, they might now be in peace.

The second number of these republications on the social question contains two articles by Father Lehmkuhl, one on the nature of the labour contract and the other on strikes. The first was written in 1883, but is still useful and opportune, because there are still not a few among those who are full of sympathy for the poorer classes and of eagerness to make better their condition, who are under a mistaken notion of the relations of rich and poor, of masters and servants. They look on the relation as that of partners, imagine a right of the work-people to a definite share of the profits, and declare that the work-people are treated unfairly unless their remuneration is what it would be, if they were really joined in a contract of *societas* or partnership with their masters. Father Lehmkuhl, whom none will suspect of want of sympathy with the work-people and zeal in defence of their rights, does not suffer his sympathy and his zeal to lead him into confusion, but shows how untenable is this imaginary partnership, how impracticable, and how contradictory to the teaching of theologians. Not, as though there was no such thing as fairness in a master's relations to his work-people; only the fairness is not to be reckoned as though there was a contract of partnership between them. The contract is one of service, and implies subordination, not equality. No doubt in a century which has taken as its motto, *non serviam*, there has been a great unwillingness to admit this, and many euphemisms put in the place of the word servant; but truths are not altered by unwillingness to receive them. Only remember the further truth that the subordination of the servants implies the responsibility of the master, and he must pay them wages sufficient for a decent maintenance and do something more besides: in Father Lehmkuhl's words:

If a rich owner collect together a number of work-people for his own advantage, he becomes bound in conscience, according to Christian notions, not only to pay them fair wages, but also to have a care for their moral and intellectual welfare, considering that it is for him they are employing their physical powers.

The other article by the same author is on strikes; and the original of 1890 is now explained and confirmed by citations

from the Encyclical on Labour. We are so accustomed to strikes that we are in danger of growing callous to the misery and mischief they cause, and of forgetting how unnatural is the state of society in which they are ordinary occurrences, not merely occasional and exceptional outbreaks. They are indeed sometimes justifiable, when the two conditions are fulfilled that the benefit aimed at is something which it is unjust for the master to refuse, and secondly that this benefit is only to be obtained by a strike. It is not often that these two conditions are fulfilled, but for this and other details of application, and for the causes and remedies of a chronic state of strikes, we must refer the reader to the lucid pages of the article itself.

The Church and the Social Question is the title of an excellent commentary by Father de Pascal on the Encyclical *Rerum novarum*, followed by the official French translation. But perhaps we may be allowed—and all the more because we are in sympathy with the main drift of the commentary—to make two criticisms. First, we should have been better pleased if Father de Pascal had not mentioned, at any rate by name, several estimable Catholic writers, whose previous teaching on certain points of social science seems to be contradicted by the Encyclical. Granted it is so, and that the views for which Father de Pascal has long contended have now the complete approbation of Leo XIII.; the more complete the triumph, the greater is the occasion for generosity. Secondly, in this commentary the author says sometimes either too little or too much. For example, in reference to the Pope's significant allusion to *Usura vorax*, Father de Pascal says :

The whole question of credit, of the Stock-Exchange, of dealings in securities, of speculation, of the Jewish system of finance, is contained in these vigorous and significant lines, . . . the reign of the plutocracy . . . is vigorously denounced.

An instructed reader might think from this that all credit, all national debts, all buying and selling of stocks and shares, are condemned by the Pope. Father de Pascal does not mean this, but then having said as much as he has said, he ought to have said more and explained which forms of credit and dealings are lawful, and which are usurious. With these reserves this bright and well-written commentary may be very useful to many readers.

3.—THE LITURGY AND PRINCIPAL OFFICES OF THE GREEK ORTHODOX CHURCH OF THE EAST.¹

The importance of the Offices of the Greek Church is not easily exaggerated, and the thanks of all students of liturgiology and Church history are due to any one who puts those Offices before them in anything like an intelligible form. For more than a thousand years the Latin Church has exercised no influence on the doctrine, discipline, and practice of the Greek Church, and the almost invariable agreement on all essential points save those which caused the schism, is clear proof to the intelligent outsider of the extreme antiquity of the ideas held in common by the two bodies. When we go further off, and find the other Eastern separatists, such as the Nestorians, the Monophysites, and the Armenians, agreeing with the Greeks on every point except those special subjects which cut them off from the unity of the Church, we can trace the greater part of Catholic doctrine, and especially the doctrine of the sacraments, to the consensus of the undivided Church of the fourth century at the latest. This, as an argument against intelligent Protestantism as distinguished from the unlearned and even stupid Protestantism of the so-called "Evangelical" school, is not easily over-valued. The neglect of the Eastern Church by controversialists is therefore much to be deplored, though it may be excused to a great extent by the absence of accessible information on a very intricate subject.

The present book is intended chiefly for Anglicans. From the time of the Reformation to the present day, there has always been a curious attraction in the Eastern Church for a certain school of Anglicans. This attraction has not always been founded on very intimate knowledge, as may be seen by any one who will study the history of the attempted union of the Nonjurors with the Russian Church. It has been encouraged on the Greek side by latitudinarian representatives such as the Patriarch Cyril Lucaris, whose memory is not altogether honoured in his own patriarchate, and has been due also in many cases quite as much to hatred of Rome as to love of Constantinople. But whatever may have called it into

¹ *Synopsis, or a synoptical collection of the Daily Prayers, the Liturgy and principal Offices of the Greek Orthodox Church of the East.* Translated, with assistance, from the original, and edited by Katherine Lady Lechmere. With an Introduction by J. Gennadius. London: Gilbert and Rivington.

existence, it undoubtedly exists. One of its most curious results is hardly known to the general public. It is not generally known that there are in England at this moment some hundreds of "verts" from the Anglican to the Eastern Church, that they have "oratories" in various places, and that for some years they kept up a magazine, the *Orthodox Catholic Review*, in which considerable learning was combined with a violence and virulence of theological hatred not easily matched. The conductors of the Review had a very poor opinion of the Anglican Church, poorer, indeed, than their opinion of the Latin Church, which they certainly did not admire. Lady Lechmere's book, though written from the Eastern point of view, does not take this aggressive line, and in it hints of a possible union are held out. This Utopian dream, so much cherished among Ritualists, can only come true by an absolute submission on the part of the Anglicans. It is about as likely on that or any other terms as the establishment of an Anglican Uniate Church in communion with the See of St. Peter, and our readers can judge how likely that is. But the dream has been useful, and among its uses has been the calling into existence of this little book, which, with all its faults, is of considerable interest.

The services of the Greek Church are very complicated, so much so that the average layman knows very little about them. The authorized books in which they may be found are so bulky and so ill-digested that, compared with books of the Latin Church, they are as regards simplicity what the latter are to the Anglican prayer-book. But of course they may for practical purposes be simplified, and the Greek Synopsis, which Lady Lechmere has translated, is to the Menaeon, Horologion, Triodion, Pentecostarion, and the rest of them, what the *Paroissien* is to the Latin Breviary and Missal.

After an Introduction by M. Gennadius, the Greek Minister at the Court of St. James's, the Synopsis leads off with the daily Offices for the Canonical Hours, the Mesonykticon, the Hexapsalmos, and the rest of the hours. The second part contains Acathist Hymn, and the Short and Great Canons to our Lady and the Service of the Divine Communion. The third part has a calendar, with the Troparia or hymns for the various fixed days of the year, taken from the Menaeon, which answers to the Proprium Sanctorum of the Breviary; the Troparia for the moveable festivals in the Lenten and Easter tides, taken from the Triodion and Pentecostarion; and the Decalogue, followed

by the Liturgy of St. John Chrysostom, the Office of the Passion (a sort of Tenebræ), and the Office of Good Friday and Easter Eve.

These are the usual services which a church-going layman would be likely to attend, and they are presented from the lay point of view, with the omission of a good deal of their intricacy. The result is not altogether satisfactory, though it is better than nothing. Lady Lechmere has not thought it necessary to explain many things which are difficult to understand, and she has apparently forgotten that the book is intended for those who know nothing of the subject. But there are worse things than that, things which might easily have been avoided by a consultation with some one who had a rudimentary knowledge of Greek grammar, and of the difference between a rubric and a prayer or hymn. Throughout the whole book mistakes of a curious sort occur, but nowhere are they so thick as in the Acathist Hymn, of which we will give some few examples. To begin with, Lady Lechmere does not explain what this hymn is, or when it is used, though in the third part it is mentioned under the fifth Saturday in Lent. Its name signifies the hymn during which there are no *καθίσματα* or pieces to be sung sitting, and it is said to commemorate the delivery of the city of Constantinople from the Avars in the seventh century. Lady Lechmere's translation begins with a perfectly appalling blunder.

SERVICE OF THE ACATHISTOS. HYMN TO THE MOST HOLY VIRGIN.

In the evening I cried unto the Lord.

Stichos of the same kind. Tone 2nd minor.

Now the Greek is as follows :

Ἀκολουθία τοῦ Ἀκαθίστου Ὑμνον εἰς τὴν Ὑπεράγιαν Θεοτόκον.

Ἐν τῷ Ἑσπερινῷ, εἰς τὸ, Κύριε ἐκέκραξα, Στιχηρὰ προσόμοια,

Ἦχος, πλ. β.

Which is, being interpreted :

SERVICE OF THE ACATHISTOS. HYMN TO THE MOST HOLY MOTHER OF GOD.

At Vespers, at the [Psalm] *Domine clamavi* [i.e., Psalm 140], stanzas of one rhythm, second plagal Tone.

To make *εἰς τὸ Κύριε ἐκέκραξα* into "I have cried unto the Lord," is doing considerable violence to Greek grammar. It is also somewhat of a confusion to translate *πλάγιος* by "minor." A plagal mode and the minor mode have nothing to do with each other, and a plagal mode is not the relative minor of its

authentic mode. Indeed, the common minor mode of modern music really most resembles the Dorian or first mode, which is not plagal at all. Later on (p. 69) we get the words "*And at Matins* [in red type] Lord God [in black type]. *Dismissal. Tone 4 minor* [in red]." The Greek is: ἐν τῷ ὄρθρῳ, εἰς τὸ, Θεὸς κύριος, Ἀπολυτίκιον αὐτόμελον ἦχος πλ. δ'. Which means: "At Lauds [not Matins, which is μεσονυκτικόν] at the [Psalm] *Domine Deus* [Psalm 87], an Apolytikion [or concluding Troparion] in its own rhythm [*i.e.*, without a *heirmos* to announce the subject], the 4th Plagal Tone."

On the next page occurs the *Κοντάκιον*, or canticle, beginning Τῇ ὑπερμάχῳ στρατηγῷ, a canticle which is repeated many times during the service. It was a pity in the translation to have represented ἡ πόλις σου, Θεοτόκε, by "thy servants, O Virgin," as the original contains an evident allusion to the origin of the service, and it need not have been represented in the rubrics by so many different translations of the leading words. On page 73 the mysterious "Anomon," which ought to mean the "unlawful thing," is written instead of the perfectly intelligible "Amomos," which is nothing worse than the 118th Psalm [*Μακάριοι Ἀμωμοί, Beati Immaculati*]. These are a few of the many instances of mistakes, which would be natural enough in the case of a perfect stranger to the subject, who should have the additional disqualification of an imperfect knowledge of Greek. It is strange, however, that Lady Lechmere, with so competent an ally as M. Gennadius, should have made so many blunders.

The most interesting part of the Greek service is naturally the Liturgy, or Mass, of St. John Chrysostom. Lady Lechmere has not represented this service very fairly. No doubt she has given us a description of what a stranger assisting at the function might expect to see and hear, but she has omitted entirely the parts of prayers which are directed to be said *μυστικῶς*, or secretly by the priest. The sort of nonsense that this makes of some passages is easily appreciated. It is as if one found in a Latin Mass such a sentence as *Orate fratres: per omnia sæcula sæculorum*. The Greek custom is not unlike the modern Latin practice in long and elaborate musical Masses. While the choir and the deacon are performing certain pieces, chiefly of the nature of litanies, the priest prays secretly, just as in the Latin Mass the priest goes on with the Canon while the choir is singing the *Sanctus*. When the choir and deacon

have finished their part, the priest, having come to the end of his prayer, says the last words of it aloud. Naturally if the priest's ending is fitted on to the deacon's last sentence, the general sense of the mixture is not very clear. Greek services contain enough of rudimentary survivals to give to the outsider a strong impression of "vain repetitions." There is no need to make them any worse.

In spite of these mistakes, the book is of value in setting before the general English public some idea of what Eastern services are like. The sources of information for those who have little knowledge of Greek, or who do not care to wade through the many volumes of complicated liturgical books which go to make up the Eastern equivalent of the Breviary, Missal, Ritual, and Pontifical, are so few and so imperfect that one welcomes any new addition. But it might be so much better. We should recommend a new edition on the following lines. Let the misprints be carefully corrected, let there be much more explanation of points that do not appear clear on the face of them, let the corresponding Western liturgical terms which are fairly understood even by non-Catholics, be used, and let there be a little clearer distinction between rubrical directions and prayers. To translate a piece of rubric or *Typicon*, the Greek equivalent of "the rules called the Pie," into continuous sentences produces an effect not unlike what printers call by the same good old English name.

4.—ÉTUDES DE THEOLOGIE POSITIVE.¹

The subject of this book is treated in a truly liberal-minded and scientific manner. The author begins by a discussion on the nature of our conceptions, distinguishing carefully between the extremes of ultra-realism and pure idealism; showing how our thoughts, begotten at once by the object and the thinking subject, partake of the character of both; whence arises the need of carefully discerning between the subjective and the objective element. He then observes that, while from the sameness of men's concepts and the diversity of the phantasms and vocal symbols in which they are embodied, we can see how the intellect in its workings is independent of sense and matter; we should also notice the great influence

¹ *Études de Théologie Positive sur La Sainte Trinité.* Par Th. de Régnon, S.J., Paris, 1892.

which, whether rightly or wrongly, fancy and language exert on our purely mental conceptions. All this introduction is obviously most pertinent to a true understanding of the Greek and Latin terminology relating to the Blessed Trinity.

For this, if we mistake not, is the main theme of the book, viz., to set in contrast the Greek and Latin conceptions of the dogma; to give the history of their birth and growth; of their influence one upon another; to show that their difference is only that of two aspects of the same truth, of the same reality; each necessarily inadequate, each creating its own peculiar difficulties, while solving those of the other.

After the above philosophical introduction, we have a clear and concise exposition of the dogma as held both by East and West. The author then discusses the formulæ in which it was expressed, and shows how complicated and beset with difficulty was the process of their growth; and how the integrity of the faith depended in many cases on minutiae of terminology which narrow and unhistorical minds are often disposed to sneer at as trivialities.

He then contrasts the Greek notion of personality with that of the scholastics, showing that while the former represented the nature as something possessed by the person; the latter, if not overtly, at least implicitly, regarded personality as something added to the nature—thus to some extent seeming to countenance the erroneous idea of a completed reality existing prior to personal determination. And if the learned author here as elsewhere inclines to the Greek mode of conception, he does no injustice whatever to the Latin. For he sets forth very clearly and fairly, although briefly, the views of Cajetan, Scotus, Suarez, and Tiphanius. And we cannot but agree with him, that being weighed in the balance they are all to some extent found wanting.

In the fifth and sixth essays we have the Latin and Greek concepts of Trinity contrasted. The scholastics look directly to the single Divine substance, and then ask how we are to find herein three distinct persons. The Greek Fathers see three Divine persons; and are confronted with the problem of the unity of substance. So that we may say that these assume what the others have to prove, and *vice-versa*. Plainly there is no substantial difference of belief, but only a different mode of attacking the same insoluble problem. For to reason it must ever remain insoluble.

One remark we must add as to the language in which Father Régnon writes. We could well have understood the appearance of a popular and somewhat superficial treatment of the great mystery of the Christian religion in the language of the people; but we cannot help being a little surprised to find that the author of so profound and scholarly a work as that before us should have judged it expedient to dispense with the language of the schools, and to adopt that of his fellow-countrymen. All whose leisure or capacity would enable them to read with interest these able and enlightened essays, would be quite at home in Latin, and would feel more certain in many cases as to the exact philosophical or theological force of the expressions employed. Whatever the reason of this departure from the more obvious course of proceeding may be, it is certainly to be regretted that the quotations, which form so important a feature in the work, were not (at least in the footnotes) given in the original tongue.

This work will interest the leisured theologian, and will be particularly valuable as showing how even the most recondite theological question becomes interesting when treated according to the scientific and comparative method, tracing out the origin, growth, and perfection of the conception itself and of the symbols and terms wherein it is embodied.

5.—FRENCH HISTORY IN LATIN VERSE.¹

Father Delaporte has taken, as his Thesis for the *Doctorat ès Lettres* in the University of Paris, a subject which appealed at once to his patriotism and his affection for his Order. He has chosen the most glorious period of French history, the reign of Louis XIV.; and has shown how it was celebrated and illustrated in the contemporary Latin poems of French Jesuits. Some of these poems, no doubt, were academic compositions; but even these had a considerable circulation at that time, when Latin poetry was much more practised in France, and much more appreciated, than French poetry. Our author quotes (in a note on p. 11) Dubos as saying, "Les vers latins plaisent plus que les vers François." Every Jesuit in those days had to be a proficient in writing Latin verse of

¹ *De Historia Gallia, regnante Ludovico XIV., Latinis versibus a Jesuitis Gallis scripta.* Thesim Facultati Litterarum Parisiensi proponebat P. V. Delaporte. Parisiis, 1891.

all kinds, Epic, Lyric, and Elegiac; and every pupil of a Jesuit school had to be taught and practised in this style of composition. Many became expert at the work, and all unquestionably profited by it. Without the practice of verse composition at school not only cannot the classical poets be ever appreciated as they deserve to be and ought to be, but not even our own vernacular poets can be properly relished. There never was a more absurd outcry than that against the practice of Latin verse in the higher schools, except perhaps the present outcry against Greek.

But we are forgetting our author. He makes three divisions of his subject: he takes (1) the Public History of the time, (2) the Private History, and (3) the Literary History, and illustrates each by reference to, and extracts from, the Latin poems of contemporary French Jesuits. The number of authors from whose poems he quotes, and of whom he gives a list at the beginning of the work, is between sixty and seventy. Among them we find the well-known names of Bouhours, Cossart, De La Rue (Ruæus, editor of the Delphin Virgil), Petau (Petavius), Rapin, and Sanadon. Under the first head (Public History) the Jesuit poets principally of course celebrated the triumphs of the King himself in war and diplomacy; but in the early part of his reign the Queen Mother (Anne of Austria) and Cardinal Mazarin are panegyricized, and even the Cardinal's gout is not unmentioned. Our author acknowledges that the misfortunes and disasters of Louis' latter years are either passed over in silence or very obscurely alluded to; but this is a thing that is universally allowed to poets. The deaths of the two Dauphins, Louis' son and grandson, following close one upon the other, give occasion for a burst of poetic grief; and the demise of the great King himself, who had been so munificent a patron of the Society, is mourned in a flood of verse. We quote four lines of Père Brumoy's Epitaph, in which the King's misfortunes are not forgotten any more than his triumphs.

Hic jacet Europam nutu qui terruit; ætas
Qualem nempe tulit nulla, nec ulla feret. . . .
Hic tegitur Princeps fortuna major utraque,
Solut qui potuit fortiter esse miser.

Under the head of Private History, among other innumerable subjects treated, we find the introduction of tobacco, and the description of the pipes wherewith to smoke it; the

use of coffee, tea, and chocolate; the flowing wigs, and effeminate habits of the time: all taken off in Virgilian, Horatian, or Ovidian verse.

In dealing with the Literary History, the author shows all the most famous authors of that Augustan age of French literature celebrated by the Jesuits in tuneful Latin.

The essay is written in elegant and limpid Latin, and for any one who takes an interest in such matters forms a very agreeable piece of reading.

6.—THE WORTH OF HUMAN TESTIMONY.¹

The success of *Robert Elsmere* some years ago has been put down to various causes; and even an unsympathetic review of the work, because it was a famous statesman who was the reviewer, has been assigned as one contributory source of the popularity. The novel did not even profess to argue out conclusions, but it did try to give emphasis to the supposed result of modern criticism, namely, that the historic sense has only recently been developed, and that lack of this sense in the writers of both the Old and the New Testaments deprives them of right to credibility.

Mr. Fitz-Arthur has, therefore, the task before him to show that the power to give valid testimony does not require qualities which have been absent up to the date of modern culture: but that the inclination to speak what is in the mind, and the power to use the senses to apprehend plain facts in their plain bearings, are gifts which were bestowed upon men quite as early as the times when our Scriptures were written. With great care at every step, the author clearly and briefly sets down the several requirements for the trustworthy recording of events as they happen, and for the subsequent transmission of documents in their authentic form. So far we are upon ground proper to philosophy: but we enter more upon the theologian's province when it is asked, What is the worth of an ancient testimony to the miraculous? In Part II. Mr. Fitz-Arthur begins to treat "the difficulties arising from the nature of certain events," and notably "from preternatural occurrences." Here he deals very ably with what in one shape or another is Hume's argument, that miracles are so "antecedently incre-

¹ *The Worth of Human Testimony.* By Thomas Fitz-Arthur. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Co. Limited, 1891.

dible," that practically no evidence can establish their occurrence. Our author shows how even in the preternatural events, what the witness has to testify to facts quite within the range of the natural faculties, the miracle being in the thing done, not on the accurate perception of what is done. Our ordinary faculties suffice to verify that a man is blind or dead, and that afterwards he sees and lives. Of course how the change was effected, whether by natural means or by means that surpass nature, has to be argued out on scientific principles; but to witness to the change frequently demands only the most ordinary use of the eyes, which modern culture is damaging rather than improving, because of the book-work it exacts. And as to what is called "antecedent incredibility," that rests for the most part on a refusal to accept what Mr. Matthew Arnold used to call "the hypothesis of a magnified non-natural mass, at the head of mankind," or when he worded it less blasphemously, "a great Personal First Cause, the moral and intelligent Governor of the universe." Thus the question is thrown back upon that of Theism. Miracles might, indeed, be turned into an argument for Theism; but for the most part they are supposed to start from the admission of a personal God, and to carry men on to the recognition of His revealed will. If, however, a man is so fixed in his opinion that no intelligent Person is ruler of the world, he may easily make that foregone conclusion a bar to the acceptance of any such evidence for miracles as the course of events has supplied. He is waiting to be simply crushed under the weight of evidence, and Providence does not act by the crushing process.

In Part IV. Mr. Fitz-Arthur enters boldly into the domain of the Christian religion, and he takes for his crucial question that which Christ and His Apostles selected, the truth of the Resurrection of our Redeemer from the tomb. The arguments for this great fact are singularly powerful: and within the short space to which he confines himself, the author urges his point very forcibly.

In these days when right ideas as to the value of human testimony are so momentous, every one who values his faith should possess himself, according to his capacity, of the fundamental principles concerning testimony; and a debt of gratitude is due to Mr. Fitz-Arthur for expressing so clearly and so concisely the leading truths on this head.

7.—FATHER HUNOLT'S SERMONS.¹

The seventh and eighth volumes of the magnificent edition of Father Hunolt's Sermons, which Messrs. Benziger are publishing, treat of the Christian virtues. The term is taken in a wide sense, as may be gathered from the titles of some of the sermons. One of them, for instance, is on the Gratitude of the Holy Souls in Purgatory to their Benefactors, and in it are narrated some wonderful stories of the aid brought in danger to those who had been accustomed to pray for the suffering souls. It urges very forcibly the great advantage to ourselves of praying for them.

St. Catharine of Bologna says that whenever she wished for some grace from the Most High, she always had recourse to the intercession of the holy souls, and she was rarely disappointed; nay, she adds, that she obtained by their means many favours that she failed to obtain through the intercession of the saints in Heaven. This is even in our own days the experience of pious Christians who in all their undertakings and necessities first offer their prayers to God for the souls departed, and are nearly always blessed with success, as I know well to be the case in one instance. If they are so powerful while actually in the midst of their torments, we can easily conclude how much more they will be able to do when they are freed from Purgatory and admitted into the joys of Heaven. With reason may we believe that the first request they will make at the throne of grace will be for those who have opened the gate of Heaven for them, and procured their entrance into eternal happiness. And it is equally certain that they will never cease to pray for their benefactors when the latter are in danger, either of soul or body. (pp. 286, 287.)

There is another sermon on Gratitude for the Extirpation of Heresy, which comes in as one of the many kinds of gratitude that we owe to God. It was preached (in fact all these sermons seem to have been preached) at Treves, where Father Hunolt was the Domprediger or Preacher in the Cathedral, and is interesting in connection with the recent Exposition of the Holy Coat in that city. Treves, now so thoroughly Catholic, was at one time on the verge of apostacy. In the sixteenth century one Gaspar Olevianus, set up a school there with the express object of imbuing the town with heresy, and for a time succeeded. The Archbishop was driven out, the chief men of

¹ *The Good Christian*; or, Sermons on the Chief Christian Virtues. By the Rev. Francis Hunolt. Translated from the original German Edition of Cologne, 1740, by the Rev. J. Allen, D.D. Benziger Brothers, 1891.

the city joined the new teacher, and it was only by stringent measures that the town was brought to its senses. The annual procession of the Sodality on Lætare Sunday is a commemoration of the delivery of the city from the heretics. It was instituted by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus in 1560. Father Hunolt mentions in the same sermon the Dancing procession at Echternach (or Epternach), and attributes the gratitude of the people at the cessation of the dancing mania, or St. Vitus' dance, which had long afflicted them. The local tradition in the present day connects it with St. Willibrord, but probably Father Hunolt's account of it is the true one, though it is quite possible that the disease may have been prevalent in St. Willibrord's time as well as in the middle ages.

These sermons, though they are called Sermons on the Christian Virtues, do not seem to have been preached as such, but to have been courses of sermons delivered on the Sundays and chief festivals of the year. They are admirable sermons both in themselves and as suggesting topics for those who have but little time for preparation. How often a busy priest wanders into his library towards the end of the week to seek materials for his Sunday's sermon! In the pages of Father Hunolt he will find a supply of his needs that will be equally satisfactory to his people and to himself.

The translation is well made into good English, and the printing and binding of the book is unexceptionable.

8.—THE HOLY COAT OF TREVES.¹

Two little books have appeared almost simultaneously on the Holy Coat of Treves, one of them by Father Clarke, S.J., who spent a month at Treves during the Exposition, and the other by Mr. Plater, who also speaks of what he saw and heard during a pilgrimage that he made to the Holy Relic. The two books follow somewhat the same course, but while Mr. Plater has a prefatory chapter on relics in general and the veneration due to them, Father Clarke devotes the opening portion of his book to a description of Treves, and some of the more

¹ *A Pilgrimage to the Holy Coat of Treves.* With an account of its History and Authenticity. By Richard F. Clarke, S.J. London: Longmans and Co.

The Holy Coat of Treves. With Illustrations. By Edward A. Plater. London: Washbourne.

remarkable of the antiquities, ecclesiastical and civil, that it contains.

In their account of the history and authenticity of the Holy Coat they agree in general in their outline of facts, in their testimony to the devotion of the pilgrims, and in their belief in the authenticity of the Holy Coat as at least highly probable, even if it be not morally certain. Of course it is impossible to trace its history before it was brought to Treves by St. Helena, but there seems no reasonable doubt that the garment presented to the Cathedral in 325 is the same that has been lately exposed for veneration. The constant tradition of the Church of Treves is a strong argument in its favour, and those who throw doubt upon it do so on the ground that this tradition, however valuable respecting the time that it has been kept at Treves, is worth nothing as a testimony to its history before it came there. The further argument from the miracles that it has wrought depends a good deal on whether they have been made a test of its authenticity. Even if we can argue from them, they only prove that the Holy Coat of Treves is *a* garment of our Lord, not that it is *the* garment for which the soldiers cast lots on Calvary. The evidence of miracles wrought by the relic of Argenteuil is quite as strong as that of the miracles at Treves, and they cannot both have been the Seamless Robe spoken of by St. John, though they may both have been, and almost certainly were, garments worn by Christ.

Mr. Plater gives an excellent likeness of the Bishop of Treves, and a view of the Cathedral, as well as of the Holy Coat and the procession of pilgrims. Father Clarke has twelve beautiful illustrations taken from photographs; one of them, the scene in the Cathedral, is identical in both books. Father Clarke, in a note in the Preface, acknowledges his indebtedness for it to Mr. Plater, who in his turn says that he has received literary aid from Father Clarke's articles in *THE MONTH* on the same subject.

Both books will be read with interest alike by those who have visited Treves and those who have not. Mr. Plater's book is rather slighter, and has less of personal reminiscence in it. On the other hand, it gives some statistics of the number of the pilgrims, and the dates of the various events connected with the relic, &c., which Father Clarke does not.

9.—PROOFS FOR THE EXISTENCE OF GOD.¹

Father L. von Hammerstein, who has written with success on religious and social questions, published some years ago a very attractive tale under the title *Edgar*. In it he painted in vivid colours the wanderings of an unbeliever from the wilderness of Atheism to the paradise of complete Christianity in the Catholic Church. The book soon reached its sixth edition, and has been translated into Hungarian, Danish, and Swedish.

The volume before us is a sort of supplement to *Edgar*. In it Father von Hammerstein develops more in detail the proofs for the existence of God in the form of a correspondence. A very amiable Protestant clergyman who in the *Laacher Stimmen* has read an article on Protestant religious instruction from the pen of Father von Hammerstein, writes to say that he is at a loss to see why the author of that article insists so strongly upon stringent proofs for the existence of God as an indispensable element of religious teaching in higher schools. He himself is not aware that there exists any such proof, and asks therefore Father von Hammerstein kindly to let him know whether he is able to produce any. In the answer to this letter Father von Hammerstein declares himself ready to defend the so-called cosmological argument as a cogent proof for the existence of God, and points out that a denial of the possibility of strict arguments for this most important of all truths is incompatible with a belief in Scripture. Against this the clergyman brings a difficulty from the state of mind of children and uncultured people who are not able to grasp philosophical arguments and would therefore, according to the view of his correspondent, have to remain outside the pale of Christianity. To meet the objection, Father von Hammerstein now takes occasion to explain that proofs in order to be reasonably acceptable as sufficiently stringent, must be dressed in a different form according to the different degree of mental culture of those for whom they are meant. Then he begins to unroll a picture of the fate of an educated young man who, destitute of any solid argument for the existence of God,

¹ *Gottes-Beweise. Eine Ergänzung zu "Edgar oder Vom Atheismus zur vollen Wahrheit."* Von L. von Hammerstein, Priester der Gesellschaft Jesu. Trier: Paulinus-Druckerei, 1891. viii. and 253 pp. 8vo.

pursues his studies in a university where atheistic and pantheistic theories are spreading.

Meanwhile the clergyman's son comes back from the university for his holidays, and the father finds to his great regret that he has lost his faith, although he had reared him up as a pious believer in Christ. A certain student whom he describes as one who probably never got a proper Christian education, seems to him to be the cause of his son's fall, and he implores Father von Hammerstein to suggest to him a way by which the two young men might be gained back to Christ. Upon this letter Father von Hammerstein proposes that the student should explain his difficulties, and a long correspondence follows in which the young man is driven by the force of his opponent's arguments from one position to another, covering his retreat by high-sounding quotations from sceptical writers, while Father von Hammerstein gently and kindly establishes his points by solid proof and with appropriate illustrations. Particularly interesting are his letters on Darwinism and Haeckelianism (pp. 67—90), on the weakness of Atheism to account for the origin of the world (pp. 92—98); and his proofs of the existence of an intelligent Creator from the results of Cosmogony, Botany, Zoology. (pp. 99—151.)

What is the outcome of the disputation? The last letter of Father von Hammerstein on a difficulty brought forward by his correspondent against God's mercy, remained for a long time unanswered. At last there arrived a letter from the good Protestant clergyman, with the sad news that after going astray in morals, the young student had committed suicide, whilst his friend, from reading the letters of Father von Hammerstein, had returned to the faith of his childhood with a leaning towards Catholicism. As regards this change of mind in his son, the parson feels exceedingly grateful to Father von Hammerstein. Of course his Evangelical feelings are a little wounded by the present Catholicizing tendencies of his son; yet as an honest believer in the fundamental doctrines of Christianity he has good sense enough to prefer a son well-disposed towards the Church to one entangled in the nets of modern Atheism.

10.—THE PEACE OF THE SOUL.¹

St. Anselm's Society gives us an excellent translation of an excellent little French spiritual book. We owe it to the venerable Literary Secretary of the Society, Provost Wenham, who has also written a few words of Preface. From the Preface we learn that Père de Lombez, the author, was a French Franciscan who died about a hundred years ago and was "a sort of Pyrenean St. Francis of Sales" in his time. The present volume fully bears out this description. The treatment is divided into four parts, the Excellence of Interior Peace, the Obstacles to its acquirement, the Means of acquiring it, and its Practice. Under these headings the usual topics connected with the spiritual life are expounded. The manner in which such a subject is treated is, however, of importance, by suggesting to the aspirant after perfection a mode of concentrating his efforts, and no manner of treatment could be better than the one selected by Père de Lombez.

Spiritual books of other times and countries sometimes fail to meet the wants of a modern and English reader. They do not, we hear it said of them, seem to realize the spiritual situations in which we find ourselves. No such complaint can be laid against the little treatise before us. We should, in fact, place its speciality precisely in this, that it exactly realizes and portrays the actual difficulties by which the soul is met when it tries to put in practice ordinary spiritual rules. We may instance as illustrations of what we mean, its instructions for the scrupulous, its insistence on the undesirability of straining after sensible devotion, and its rules for determining the nature of a genuine spiritual attraction which ought to be followed. In dealing with each of these three delicate cases the author's exposition will be found particularly useful alike for confessors and penitents. A by no means unimportant merit of the book, a merit which the translator shares with the author, is that its clear style makes it easy and interesting reading.

¹ *A Treatise on the Peace of the Soul.* By Father Ambroise de Lombez. Translated from the French. London: St. Anselm's Society, 6, Agar Street, Charing Cross, 1892.

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

THE third part has now appeared of Father Duhr's refutation of the principal accusations which from time to time have been brought against the Society of Jesus by the malice of its enemies, and which even now obtain credence amongst the ignorant and the misinformed.¹ Four of the "Fables" which are disproved in the present instalment of Father Duhr's work consist of very serious and oft-repeated charges: (1) that the Jesuits covet and succeed in amassing great riches; (2) that they engage in commercial transactions of an illicit nature; (3) that they act on the principle that the end justifies the means: (4) that they were the real instigators of the French Revolution. The other two are of minor importance: one relates to the conduct of some missionaries in Paraguay, who were alleged to have incited the people to rebellion; the other relates to a libel on the moral character of an individual member of the Society, forty-four years of whose life was devoted to the evangelization of China.

From Messrs. Benziger's active press has been lately issued a Jesuit compendium of the *General Principles of the Religious Life*.² It includes chapters on Conduct to God, to our Order and ourselves, to Superiors, fellow-members and subjects, and is full of a spirit of practical devotion, teaching us to aim high without being in any way discouraging. It was published originally in Latin in the beginning of the seventeenth century, and has been translated within the last twenty years into French and German, and now at length into English, by the Benedictine Superior of St. Benedict's Abbey, Atchison, Kansas.

¹ *Jesuiten-Fabeln*. Ein Beitrag zur Culturgeschichte. Von Bernhard Duhr, S.J. Dritte Lieferung. Herder'sche Verlagshandlung, Freiburg, 1891.

² *General Principles of the Religious Life*. By O., S.J. Translated by Very. Rev. Boniface F. Verheyen. O.S.B. New York: Benziger.

It is well suited for any religious Order, contemplative or active, consisting of men or of women.

Mrs. Buchanan has published under the title of a *Birthday Souvenir*¹ a subject of meditation for every day in the year. To each day is attached the name of the Saint of the day, or some pious word by which our thoughts may be set going in some profitable direction, a short, pithy sentence being added to help our meditation. For instance, for January 25th we have the following: 25th, ST. PAUL. "Do with me, O Lord, all that Thou wilt, because I know that Thou lovest me." For May 18th. THE GLORIA. "When in temptation call upon Jesus: when you have overcome temptation, say a *Gloria* with all your heart." This book is beautifully got up in miniature, and is a most suitable birthday present.

*The Correct Thing for Catholics*² is a most useful summary and guide to the external conduct of Catholics, both among themselves and in their relations to those outside the Church. In each case not only is the correct thing given, but also a list of actions which are not the correct thing, and there is in the directions under this head a dash of humour which impresses on the memory the advice given. Under the head of the correct thing for a funeral, we are told that it is not the correct thing to spend a great deal of money for flowers and the trappings of woe, and little or nothing for Masses, or for those in attendance at a wake to make it the occasion of merriment. These directions, both positive and negative, are very practical, and though some of them are scarcely applicable in England, yet the majority of them are very instructive on both sides of the Atlantic. Just before going to press we received the Second Edition of this useful little book, which proves how warmly it has been welcomed in the States.

*The Imitation of Buddha*³ is an attempt to introduce subjects of daily meditation taken not from the Holy Scripture or the writings of the Christian saints, but from Buddhist works. The fashion of anti-Christian literature in the present day is not so much to attack Christ as to depreciate Him indirectly by the assertion that the doctrines of Buddha compare favourably with

¹ *A Birthday Souvenir or Diary*, with a subject of meditation or a prayer for every day in the year. By Mrs. A. E. Buchanan. New York: Benziger.

² *The Correct Thing for Catholics*. By Lilia H. Bugg. New York: Benziger Brothers.

³ *The Imitation of Buddha*. Quotations from Buddhist Literature for every day in the year. Compiled by Ernest M. Bowles. London: Methuen and Co.

Christian doctrines. Whether they really do so, may be judged from the pages of this little volume. Perhaps the one most prominently put forward as showing a higher standard is the inculcation of a duty to the lower animals, which is founded on a false and anti-Christian ignoring of the existing distinction between brutes and man. Christianity teaches gentleness and kindness to the dumb animals, and the saints were always most kind to them, but not for their own sake or on any ground of a duty owed to them, corresponding with the duty we owe to our fellow-men. Many sentiments unduly exalting the brutes are found in these pages; for instance, "Whoso hurts not living creatures, nor yet kills nor causes to be killed, him I call a Brahmana (p. 57); and again causing destruction to living beings, . . . stealing and speaking falsely, these are what defile a man." Many of these Buddhist's precepts in this volume are excellent, some of them are very commonplace, and all of them are incomparably inferior to the lofty precepts of the inestimable book from which the *Imitation of Buddha* borrows its name.

*Margaret Brereton*¹ is a short tale, and seems to be founded on fact. It contains a great deal of interesting and exciting incident within a small compass, and it gives an instance of the unhappiness in which, sooner or later, a mixed marriage inevitably eventuates. During the first eighteen years of Margaret Brereton's married life the only shadow on her lot is the want of union in matters of faith with her husband. Her children are brought up as Catholics until a cousin, the owner of large estates, an avowed freethinker, proposes to adopt the youngest son Cyril, then two years old, and make him his heir on condition that he is completely surrendered to him. The father, anxious to secure for the boy a property which has belonged to the family for centuries, insists that he shall be given up; the mother is powerless to resist, and a painful constraint settles down on the family once full of joy and brightness. Twenty years later, Cyril, who has become owner of Brereton, is shot in a quarrel with his eldest brother Francis. The culprit escapes, and the then widowed mother, being found by the side of the murdered man, endeavouring to secrete a pistol known to have belonged to her husband, is arrested on a charge of murder and committed for trial. Religious fanaticism

¹ *The Trial of Margaret Brereton*. By Pleydell North. London: Catholic Truth Society, 21, Westminster Bridge Road; New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Brothers, 1892.

is urged as the rather improbable motive for the crime by the counsel for the prosecution. The proceedings of justice are however stopped by a written confession from the hand of the real criminal. This has been obtained through the influence of a third son, a priest, who suspecting Francis, has traced him to a village in France, where he lay sick, a prey to bitter remorse. On the arrival of his brother, he expresses a wish to make his confession, but not to the *Curé*, to none other than his brother, who consents to hear him, though somewhat reluctantly. Francis follows his brother to England to make avowal of his guilt; he is sentenced to two years' imprisonment, at the expiration of which term his departure for New Zealand with the bride who has been faithful to him, closes a narrative simply and agreeably told, and in interest very far above the average.

Every one who has read *Percy Wynn* will doubtless remember Tom Playfair, one of the senior boys at St. Maure's at the time when the gentle, timid, and courteous child, strangely ignorant of the ways of boys, first made his entrance on school-life. The same skilful hand that penned the delightful narrative of Percy's experiences, now gives us a sketch of the previous history of Tom Playfair, his self-constituted friend and protector.¹ Tom was not always the brave, generous, trustworthy lad whom we have learnt to know; on the contrary, he was at first forward, rude, and stubborn. It must be acknowledged that the development of his character does great credit to his teachers, who discerned sterling qualities under the unpromising exterior, and induced him to "make a start" in the right way. His adventures at school and in the vacation, which display an unusual amount of the independence Americans value so highly, the startling and tragic incidents in which he plays a part, will have a great fascination for boys, and will be read by them with immense delight. Tom narrowly escapes being killed by lightning, he loses his way in the streets of Cincinnati, retrieves the fortunes of a newsboy, and himself falls among thieves. Again he is the hero in many a fight, storms a snow-fort, and arrests a murderer. The adult reader will miss from these scenes of school-boy life, the engaging figure of Percy Wynn, which lent so peculiar a charm to Father Finn's former volume, and he may perhaps regret that an event so painful and so

¹ *Tom Playfair; or, Making a Start.* By Francis J. Finn, S.J. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Brothers, 1892.

exceptional as the cold-blooded assassination of an innocent and guileless child should be introduced at the close of a book intended to entertain and amuse. No one, however, will fail to appreciate the happy mixture of sparkling humour and tender pathos which characterizes the book; and above all, the true, devout Catholic spirit, the spirit of faith and prayer which breathes in every page.

Miss Dobrée's *Tug of War*¹ is a simple story, intended for children, and written with the excellent aim of illustrating the struggle between conscience and natural inclination, and encouraging the little ones in whom the struggle is going on to fight valiantly against childish faults. This is the *Tug of War* which gives its name to the story, or rather to the series of incidents which are brought together to work out the moral purpose of the writer. Many useful lessons are inculcated in the book, but there is one passage to which we feel bound to call attention as tending to create a false conscience. Ethel, the heroine of the book, through whose mouth the authoress seems to speak, comes in one day and finds the children "playing at Mass." To play at Mass is a favourite amusement of Catholic children, and so long as it is done with reverence, is much to be approved. Many a Catholic mother watches her boy at his toy altar, with his sister acting as server, and looks wistfully into the future, and hopes that their childish predilections are a presage of the happy day when she shall see her son celebrating his First Mass, and her daughter consecrating herself to the Most High. We were, therefore, not a little surprised when Ethel addresses the poor children thus :

You are here playing at imitating the Holy Mass, and when you remember what the Mass is, that our Lord offers Himself up by the priest that represents Him, and that He is really present there, it is a great sacrilege to imitate it. (p. 63.)

And again :

You know therefore, you Catholic children, who know what the Mass is, that it is simply blasphemous to make any play of it; and if you do not see it now, you will when you are older. (p. 64.)

Such teaching as this ought not to be put into the hands of children.

¹ *The Tug of War*. By Emily L. Dobrée. London : Catholic Truth Society.

II.—MAGAZINES.

Whether Pascal is to be honoured as an apologist for revealed religion, and his *Pensées* can be of real service in guiding souls to the truth, is no new question, but one on which diversity of opinion still exists. In the December issue of the *Études* it is carefully and clearly discussed by Father Longhaye, and the reader who follows him will not dispute the conclusion he draws, that even were the orthodoxy of the *Pensées* irreproachable, they would be more dangerous than useful, since they breathe but in part the spirit of Christianity. Religion as represented by Pascal's erratic genius does not attract but repel: his God is too stern, his sarcasms on frail human nature too bitter. The reform of the system of weights and measures, initiated in the end of the last century, and the labours of the savants engaged in constructing on scientific and astronomical principles the system of the metre and the kilogramme, forms the subject of another article. The proposal has been made to introduce international uniformity in this respect, but the attachment of some nations to their traditional mode of mensuration prevents them as yet from adopting the metrical system of France. Father Martin writes, and writes ably, on question of strikes and wages, which he considers from the standpoint of both the Liberal and the Socialist. For the true solution of the problem he refers to the Encyclical *Rerum novarum*. The history of the youth of Louis XIV., carried on up to the period when he attained his majority, at the age of thirteen years, contains many interesting details respecting the young monarch. He was then still under the spiritual direction of Father Paulin, his first confessor, who expresses himself warmly concerning the piety and devotion of his royal pupil, which was all that could be desired. Father Sortais takes occasion of a prolonged residence at Slough to make himself acquainted with the local celebrities. He gives for the benefit of his French readers a biography of Gray, the lyric and elegiac poet, and a study of his works, which were much read in England in the latter half of the eighteenth century.

The January issue of the *Stimmen aus Maria-Laach* contains the first instalment of a very interesting and simple account of Columbus' voyage of discovery, giving an insight into the

character of the man, and of the supernatural motives that actuated him, the desire of spreading the Faith in the New World. Father Pesch concludes his essay on the economic and philosophic doctrines of modern Socialists, by commenting on the prophecy they so frequently utter, that the upheaval of society is imminent and inevitable. He asserts that the realization of their hopes is more distant than they imagine, for the source of existing evils is other than they suppose, and the remedy must come from another quarter than that whence they look for it. Although a whole library of literature has been written concerning Blaise Pascal, Father Kreiten deems it advisable, since his attack upon Jesuit moral teaching continues to be employed as a weapon against the Society of Jesus, to place before the reader a biography of this extraordinary man, in which the religious questions involved will be considered from the Catholic standpoint. For the benefit of the unlearned in electrical science, Father Dressel gives some general explanations concerning the process of converting water-power into electricity, and the apparatus whereby this is effected, before giving a more detailed account of the recent successful experiments at Frankfort. The revival of religious art in Germany, which at the commencement of the present century had fallen to a low ebb, and the rise and development of the Düsseldorf school, forms the subject of another of Father Beissel's interesting essays. A critique of the works of the American poet and novelist, Edgar Allen Poe, with some good translations of a few of his best-known productions, closes this number of the *Stimmen*.

In the opening number of the *Katholik* for the present year, Father Schepers, of the Order of the Redemptorists, calls attention to the revival of Catholicism in England, and the liberty there enjoyed by Catholics in the present time as compared with the past, as a source of consolation to the faithful in this age of warfare against religion and rejection of the authority of Rome. A biographical notice of a Dominican monk, Father Fabri, a native of Heilbronn in Wurtemberg, who rendered great services by word and pen to the Church at the period of the Reformation, recalls his name from the oblivion into which it has fallen, like that of other valiant champions of the truth in those troublous times. The famine in Russia, and the present high price of provisions in Germany, suggests a retrospective glance in the pages of the *Katholik* on the suffer-

ings from scarcity in past ages, and the liberal relief afforded to the necessitous by the inhabitants of the cloister, who with this object hesitated not to sacrifice their property and endure great personal privations. A review of Dr. Bellesheim's excellent *History of the Catholic Church in Ireland* closes this number.

The *Civiltà Cattolica* (997, 998), in entering upon the year 1892, descants upon the twofold manner of proceeding, pointed out by the Holy Father in his Allocution of the 14th December, of the enemies of the Church. One party openly denounces and attacks her; the other cunningly seeks to undermine her foundations in secret. Both labour to the same end, and are equally the agents of the Freemasonry of which the Jews are rulers, whose single aim is the destruction of Christianity and the spoliation of Christians. A sorrowful picture is given of the condition of Italy after thirty years of Revolution. Political unity has been gained and freedom from the Papal yoke; but what is the result? Italy stands out prominent among the nations for financial embarrassments, excessive taxation, moral decadence, and material misery so great as to drive its people to emigrate in thousands from its shores. The real root of all the evils that afflict society is the rejection of the authority of the Church, the divinely appointed guardian on earth of truth and justice. The obedience of the faithful Catholic is the antithesis of the *Non serviam* which forms the motto of the world; and Liberal Catholics are warned that in seeking to limit the obedience due in faith and morals, they fail in their duty as sons of the Church. The instalment of the treatise on the migrations of the Hittite tribes, discusses the influence exercised by Egypt and Greece on their culture and civilization. The exposition of the system of St. Thomas is continued, and a new serial story is commenced, of which the subject is the sorrows and sufferings of Italian emigrants compelled by want to seek a home across the Atlantic. The Archæological Notes examine into the genuineness of a bronze tablet recording the act of donation of an *ager subsecivus* in the year 88 A.D.; besides giving the description of three terminal stones in a village near Naples, and of a votive altar dedicated to Mercury of recent discovery.

